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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE economic consequences of Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of the £1,500,000,000 armaments programme have been rapid and remarkable. Further steady selling of fixed-interest stocks (including not merely Government securities, but the leading "gilt-edged" type of industrial shares) has been accompanied by a frantic scramble on the part of speculators to buy copper and other armament metals. Prices soared, and though profit-taking caused a reaction later in the week the raw material costs of munitions have been substantially increased. If the £1,500,000,000 figure is not to be surpassed as a result of a rise in the armaments price-level, it becomes increasingly important that steps should be taken to scrutinise the profit margins of firms executing the Government's orders. There has been vague talk of the possibility of a revival of the Excess Profits Duty of the years 1915-21. This, we fear, is a counsel of perfection. It would be, in peace time, a step repugnant to the ideas of a Tory administration; and, as compared with the pre-war period of 1911-14, the experience of different sections of industry in 1933-36 has varied so widely that the problem of fixing a fair and uniform datum level of profits whereby to measure "excess" would be admittedly difficult. But if the Defence Ministers are not to pay through the nose as a result of boom conditions in the steel and metal industries, a really effective check on costing systems and profits must be devised.

Men and Arms in Spain

There has been no decisive engagement in the Spanish war during the past week. The Government forces have taken the offensive with some little success at several points, and new efforts are being made to strengthen discipline and unity of command. Meanwhile, arrangements are nearly complete for the naval patrols of the six Powers to prevent the entrance of foreign volunteers. This scheme presumably will work effectively; there still remains the problem of the volunteers who are already in the country to the number of, say, 75,000 or even more—and three-quarters or four-fifths of them on the rebel side. M. Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, is apparently hopeful of their all being recalled. Few will be found to share his optimism. Is it really credible that Mussolini and Hitler would agree to a step which would settle the fate of General Franco and his friends and ensure the victory of the Republican Government in the space of a week or two? But assuming that these Fascist armies of occupation remain in the country, we can still hope for their ultimate defeat, if their supplies of munitions from abroad are stopped and if they can be held at bay while their

reserves run down. Loyalist Spain still has an immense superiority in man-power, and the men are steadily becoming more efficient soldiers. Other things being equal—or less unequal than now—a war of attrition would be in its favour.

Central European Moves

Greeted on his arrival by a well-staged Nazi " Heil Hitler " demonstration, and speeded to the station on his departure with a " Front Heil " counter-demonstration by 40,000 Fatherland Front nationalists, Baron von Neurath seems to have achieved little by his visit to Vienna. The official communiqué issued at the close of his talks with Dr. Schuschnigg was studiously vague ; cultural relations between Austria and Germany had been discussed in a " friendly spirit." The Chancellor is understood to have declined to give any pledge or promise with regard to the restoration of a Habsburg monarchy ; nor, apparently, did he hold out hopes of permitting the entry into Austria of Nazi newspapers. Even in the columns of the clerical and pro-German *Reichspost* the German Foreign Minister —thanks partly to the demonstrations on his arrival— had a " bad press." The next move on the Austrian chess-board is Dr. Schuschnigg's forthcoming visit to Rome. In Berlin, however, disappointment at Baron von Neurath's lean harvest is balanced by annoyance at M. Hodza's tactics in negotiating an agreement with the German minority in Czechoslovakia. Considerable concessions to the German Coalition Parties' demands have been made, not merely as regards public expenditure in the German areas, but in respect to the appointment of officials. Herr Henlein and his party of Nazi irreconcilables will tend, as a result, to lose ground in Czechoslovakia. The wind is taken fairly out of his sails, and the German Agrarians and Social Democrats declare themselves well satisfied with their gains. This is not at all to the liking of the Berlin Government, whose press has been assailing Czechoslovakia as the western " spear-head " of Bolshevism and the oppressor of a German minority clamouring for liberation.

India Votes

The success of the National Congress Party in the elections for the provincial councils under the new constitution presents it with a problem that admits of no easy solution. Certainly in four provinces, probably in a fifth and possibly in a sixth, it is in a position itself to form a Government, or alternatively to make government by any other party or coalition impossible. Which course will it choose ? Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, its President, who is himself emphatically for refusal to form or enter ministries, has called a conference in the hope of reaching a decision binding on all. Feelings run so high that this may be difficult, and it is certain that in any event many of the older men on the Right will personally accept office, whatever the majority may decide. In four adjoining provinces, Bihar, Orissa, the United and the Central Provinces, Congress controls a solid block by substantial majorities. In Madras the returns so far available promise an absolute majority. In Bombay Congress seems to be one vote short of an absolute majority, but in fact will probably attain it with the aid of Independent members. In Bengal, the Frontier Province and Assam it has a relative majority, and in the last could form a coalition ministry. Only in the Punjab and Sind is it weak. Since its strength lies chiefly in the more populous provinces, it is probable that over all India it has polled an absolute majority.

Fascism in Abyssinia

Italy's gift of civilisation to Abyssinia is still regarded with ingratitude by some, at least, of the inhabitants of that unhappy country. Within the last month Italian troops have been engaged in clearing the Addis-Gondar road of guerilla bands ; there has been a renewed campaign against the still unsubdued Ras Desta in the south ; and on Friday of last week a bomb thrown from a crowd in Addis Ababa slightly wounded Marshal Graziani, the Viceroy, and severely injured General Liotta, the chief of the Air Force. Retribution was ruthless : two thousand arrests were instantly made ; several hundreds were shot (some estimates say 700), not for complicity in the attempted assassination but because they were found to have arms in their possession. The policy of wholesale public executions of guilty and innocent, carried on to " impress native psychology," continues to characterise the " new epoch for Ethiopia " of which Marshal Graziani was boasting shortly before the bomb was thrown. So long as Mussolini is prepared to keep a vast army of occupation in Abyssinia—there are 30,000 Italian troops in Addis alone—insurrection can doubtless be held down, but the pacification of the country seems as remote as ever. And to " make a solitude and call it peace " is, as an earlier Rome discovered, a costly business.

Unemployment Insurance

The Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, which is responsible for maintaining the solvency of the Insurance Fund, has issued a report showing for 1936 a much larger surplus than was expected when its earlier estimates were made. Having funds in hand and further surpluses in prospect—for in view of rearmament it is assumed that unemployment will fall somewhat further during the present year—the Committee had three alternatives open to it. It could reduce contributions, or speed up repayment of the debt incurred by the Fund during the slump, or provide additional benefits. Of these three courses it has chosen the last, by proposing a reduction of the waiting period before benefit begins from six days to three, and by providing an extension of the benefit period for men who fall out of work after long spells of nearly continuous employment. A minority report proposes reduction of contributions as an alternative ; but the case for improving benefits is undoubtedly the stronger. The Committee bases its estimates on an average unemployment percentage of $16\frac{3}{4}$ over the next eight years ; but of that it expects less than half to rank for insurance benefit, the remainder falling either on the U.A.B. or on the P.A.C.s. In an analysis of the present incidence of unemployment it is pointed out that the highest percentages exist in predominantly rural counties, especially in Wales and Scotland, and that in London and the South-East unemployment must now be regarded as being near the " irreducible minimum." It is also observed that the number of workers insured under the new agricultural section of the scheme is at present only 600,000, as against an estimate of 750,000—which indicates either widespread evasion or a large overestimate of the number of agricultural labourers in work.

The Gresford Debate

The debate in Parliament on the Gresford affair—or rather on the general problem of safety in coal mines as related to the Gresford affair—was necessarily inconclusive, both because the responsibility for the Gresford disaster is *sub judice* and because a Royal Commission is at present studying the whole matter of safety legislation. These facts make comment difficult when parliamentary privilege does not protect. But it can be said that a clear case has been made out for an overhaul of the entire system of colliery inspection and for a considerable stiffening up of the existing code. The miners' contention that colliery deputies—the men directly responsible for safety—ought to be appointed and removable by the State, and not by the colliery owners, seems to be clearly right; and so does the contention that the number of inspectors ought to be increased. The sealing up of the Gresford seam in which the fatal explosion occurred has made it difficult for the cause of the disaster to be accurately ascertained, or the blame rightly apportioned. But evidently it ought to be impossible for a situation to exist in which it can be even plausibly alleged that men's lives were jeopardised in order to keep down costs, or responsible officials reluctant to report danger for fear of incurring censure. Nor is it less evident that, when men's employment depends on costs being kept down, the responsibility for safety precautions cannot fairly be put on them. It is the State's duty to make and effectively to enforce reasonable provisions for avoiding danger.

Holidays with Pay

The Government have announced their intention of appointing a committee to consider the question of legislation on the provision of holidays with pay for employed workers. The announcement was made in the debate on a Labour Bill dealing with the matter, and can thus be regarded as a means of deferring action. There is, however, no reason why the committee should take very long over its work. In most industries the addition to costs which the granting of a week's paid holiday would involve can be fairly easily ascertained, though there are of course complications in trades in which seasonal or discontinuous employment is common, and it will be necessary, in any Bill, to take precautions against evasion of the claim by discharging workers just before they become entitled to the concession. This, however, should not be very hard to provide against; nor is there any doubt that the introduction of paid holidays would be an exceedingly popular measure. Many of the better employers, of course, give a week's paid holiday already to their regular employees; and the system is common among salaried workers. It will, however, clearly not become general, or even much more widespread, without legislation; for most firms are unwilling to shoulder the cost unless their competitors have to shoulder it too. It is to be hoped the committee will report quickly; for the present is an extremely favourable moment for introducing the change which, on human grounds, is as desirable as the shortening of the hours of labour—and easier to carry through on a general basis. There was a demand for its inclusion in the Factories Bill; but a special statute would cover a wider field.

The L.C.C. Election

Thursday, March 4th, is polling day in the London County Council election. No outstanding issue of immediate practical importance divides the two parties. It is true the Labour Party stands for Socialism and the Municipal Reformers are anti-Socialist. But Labour has not, and in present circumstances cannot have, a programme "pour épater les bourgeois"—or at least any of the bourgeois but that small section which trembles at the thought of anything to the left of Colonel Blimp in the seat of government. Nor can the M.R.s, on their side, scrap the social services or indulge in any spectacular reversion to individualism. The real question for an elector who is honestly concerned for the welfare of London, and who is hesitating about his vote, is which of the two parties is the more likely to conduct efficiently and to develop the great services of education, housing, health and the rest, to extend the amenities of the metropolis, and to aim not at saving every possible penny on the rates, but at spending all the pennies and pounds that can fairly be asked for for the public benefit. There can surely be no doubt about the answer. The record of the London Labour Party in its first three years is good on all counts, and promises, as Mr. Herbert Morrison explained in a broadcast speech last Wednesday, to be better still in the next three. The Municipal Reformers have no reforms to offer, and their return to power would spell reaction.

Malnutrition in the Special Areas

A very important memorandum has just been submitted to the Prime Minister by the Children's Minimum Council in connection with the Special Areas Bill which the Government are preparing. It is a demand for the inclusion in the Bill of measures to protect the health of mothers and children against the worst effects of long-continued unemployment and poverty. The problem of malnutrition in general has frequently been discussed in our columns, and an article on another page of this issue discusses it again. What the Children's Minimum Council propose at this moment is, of course, not a complete solution of so vast a problem; they ask for immediate remedies for some of the worst sufferers. Their demands are for free milk to school-children in the Distressed Areas; free meals to school-children in families where the amount available for food falls below a scale to be determined by the Ministry of Health; free boots to school-children in such families; and free milk to expectant and nursing mothers and infants in such families. Government grants, they urge, must provide these things; the local authorities cannot do it out of their own resources. The greater the need for increased expenditure, the less able are the rates to meet it. For 1935-6, the rates in Merthyr Tydfil were 28*s.* 5*d.* in the £; in Abertillery, 29*s.*; in Hebburn, 19*s.* 9*d.*; in Jarrow, 19*s.* 6*d.*—compared with 7*s.* 4*d.* in Bournemouth and Oxford, 7*s.* 6*d.* in Hove and Blackpool. The case for action on these lines is supported by cogent argument and facts and figures in the memorandum, and it is an overwhelming case.

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MURDER ON THE MANZANARES

MR. GRAVES, reincarnated in the shambling body of the Emperor Claudius, discovered that there lay in the records of the generation that followed Augustus material which might serve a writer of detective fiction through at least one industrious lifetime. Other rich sources are still neglected. A craftsman in search of such material might do worse than turn his attention to the recent doings of the British Foreign Office. The murder indispensable in such tales is not yet consummated, for the Spanish Republic, bleeding through many a deep wound, still lives. Let us start with an orderly narrative of the facts.

In mid-December the Foreign Office completed its "gentleman's agreement" with Mussolini. It was primarily an emotional gesture. The arid details, which are believed to cover Egypt, Palestine, naval tonnage and the Straits Treaty as well as the recognition of the conquest of Abyssinia, were never published. The intention was presumably to stress the fact that a reconciliation had been reached after the nasty tiff due to Mr. Baldwin's momentary electioneering enthusiasm for the League. The Spanish question came within the general survey of Mediterranean affairs, for among the meagre documents published was an assurance that Italy would respect the integrity of Spanish territory, more especially in the Balearic Isles. The next diplomatic event, immediately after the publication of this Agreement, was a genial visit from General Göring to Count Ciano in Rome. They talked at length, we were told, about the Spanish question. Mr. Eden, meanwhile, on Christmas Eve had proposed a general ban on volunteers for Spain. The replies, positive and even effusive, from Rome and Berlin, were in virtually identical terms, designed to underline the perfect team-work of the two Fascist Powers. Six weeks later, after the usual delays, a general agreement to ban volunteers was reached at the London Non-Intervention Committee, to take effect on February 20th, though supervision does not start until March 6th.

Into this diplomatic time-table let us now fit certain events relating to Spain. The arrival of totalitarian volunteers from Germany seems to have ceased altogether early in the period under review. The French Government promptly armed itself with the right to close its frontier, but did not use its powers until the date generally accepted (February 20th). Mr. Eden, however, banned volunteering from January 9th, a measure that in effect struck only at the Madrid Government, for in the view of the Irish Free State separate legislation, to be passed by the Dail, was required to deal with Franco's volunteers from that Dominion. But from the moment that the Anglo-Italian gentleman's agreement was signed, while German "volunteering" stopped, the flow of Italian troops expanded from rivulet to torrent. Some 15,000 landed in Cadiz while we were scanning its terms, and reinforcements followed steadily. When the Non-Intervention Committee at last reached agreement, the semi-official British estimate reported by the "diplomatic correspondents" of the daily press stood at 50,000. Out of this total no less than 40,000 men had arrived in Spain since the two "gentlemen" recorded their mutual understanding. These are probably minimum figures, for a simultaneous French official estimate gave a total of 60,000 Italians. At the same time the Italians threw off the thin disguises hitherto observed. At Malaga, after the capture of the town mainly by Italian troops, an Italian cruiser boldly landed 1,000 men in its harbour. No one on the spot appears to doubt that Italian warships bombarded Barcelona and other loyal ports.

After this date the official and semi-official news is silent. But Frank Pitcairn, a highly experienced observer, telegraphs from Gibraltar that a further 40,000 Italians landed in Cadiz before the ban fell, and he adds that more are expected. This would bring our total to 90,000 men. Lest it should seem incredible that there should be so many Italians in Spain and so few apparently at the fighting fronts, this correspondent states that Andalusia and Estremadura are seething with revolt, that Franco's Spanish conscripts are unreliable, and that the Italians must, therefore, be used as an army of occupation.

Let us, like the more expert students of the detective craft, make a note of these latter data for future reference. Even if we confine ourselves to the facts generally accepted, a sufficiently startling balance sheet emerges. At the beginning of our period, in the middle of December, there were in Spain about 10,000 German troops and about 10,000 Italians. This (10,000) was also about the total of the volunteers of all nations in the International Column, while the Russians numbered at most 300. Last week the Germans still numbered 10,000, but the Italians had shot up to 50,000. The International Column had now at most 14,000 men, while the Russians were still 300 (less casualties). On balance, Franco's superiority in foreign troops had risen from under 10,000 to over 45,000 men. In this war, where armies have been small and trained men few, such a force of 45,000 troops, many of them veterans from Abyssinia, ought on the face of it to be decisive. The remarkable fact confronts us that this superiority was due to Italian reinforcements sent out after the two "gentlemen" had "agreed."

Here end the facts. We have now to interpret. As we have seen, those two statesmen did talk about Spain. It would be going beyond the evidence to assume that they talked about "volunteers," though silence on this subject must have called for iron self-restraint. They did talk about the Balearic Isles, and promptly the news was flashed to London that Count Rossi, the celebrated dictator of Majorca, had been recalled. He did in fact leave Majorca, but reappeared a few weeks later in Seville. We may risk a cautious inference. Mussolini wished at this moment to make a good impression on governing circles in England, to act as a "gentleman"—a term that may be defined as the sort of person whose conduct squares with the wishes of the English governing circles. He has good sources of information, for Signor Grandi is popular in these circles. He must, then, have reasoned thus: "These English, in their phlegmatic way, really do care about Majorca; that touches the hereditary naval sentiment. But about the Spanish mainland they care much less, about Spanish democracy not at all. I will therefore 'go slow' over the Balearics, recall Rossi, and concentrate my forces in Southern Spain. They won't mind that."

The Duce, so far, had apparently reasoned correctly. For in spite of the news that fresh Italian troops were swelling Franco's forces, Mr. Eden stopped the flow of British volunteers (which happened at this moment to be

increasing rapidly) to the other side. The inference that "these Englishmen" (the official persons) cared nothing about Spanish democracy was justified.

This accounts for half the facts. The other half consisted of the decision to hand over the leadership in the joint Spanish operations from Germany to Italy. For that there may be two explanations which reinforce each other. It has been widely stated that General Faupel, Hitler's envoy, reported that an additional 40,000 or even 60,000 Germans would be necessary to complete the destruction of the Republic. These the chiefs of the Reichswehr were reluctant to supply for reasons based on their view of European policy—in plain words they might wish to send them elsewhere. Very well, then; if "Communism" was to be crushed in Spain, Italy would have to send these men—which she promptly did. This decision coincided with the conclusion of the gentlemen's agreement. When Göring and Ciano talked it over could they ignore its possible effect on official England? If Signor Grandi had warned Count Ciano that any heavy reinforcement of the total Foreign Fascist army in Spain would cause sharp anger in Downing Street and upset the moral effect of the reconciliation, would the Duce have risked it at this moment? He may, indeed, have reasoned thus: "These Englishmen are fundamentally and permanently very much more hostile to Hitler than they are to me. Moreover, they dislike his irruption into the Mediterranean. But I am no interloper there: this is *mare nostrum*. They might kick at a German conquest of Spain, but they will applaud my exploits in crushing Bolshevism." If Mussolini reasoned thus, the argument was at least plausible, and Mr. Eden's action, which tipped the military balance perceptibly against the Republic, seemed to confirm it.

One puzzle remains. If Hitler agreed to step down into the second place, what consideration, if any, did he receive? Modesty is rarely its own reward. The clue may lie in the calculations of the Reichswehr. If it wanted to save up good German troops for use elsewhere, what future "front" interests it? We can only guess the answer—Czechoslovakia. More than one reliable student of Central Europe reported, when Count Ciano visited Berlin, that Czechoslovakia had already been assigned to Germany by Italy as her sphere of interest. In Rome, then, this arrangement may have been confirmed with military precision.

This last detail, of course, is conjectural, and we do not insist on it, though it is plausible enough to suggest the vast scope of the game which the Dictators are playing with Downing Street. If Britain makes no stand in Spain, they must be asking themselves would she resist if one of them smashed the Czechs, who also (in their jargon) are "clients of Moscow?" Again, if Spain were under an Italian (or Italo-German) occupation, would it be materially possible for the French to go to the aid of the Czechs? These are not fantastic questions.

Eliminating conjecture, the conclusion seems to stand that Mussolini had sound reasons for inferring (and for acting on his inference) that an Italian conquest of Spain would not be unpleasing to Downing Street. On the complacency or the blindness of Mr. Eden will fall (if events so turn out) the responsibility for the crushing of Spanish democracy and the expansion of the Roman Empire from Addis Ababa to Seville.

POVERTY AND MALNUTRITION

[This article by a medical officer, with intimate personal knowledge of the evils he is discussing, will be of special interest at the present moment—reinforcing as it does the memorandum of the Children's Minimum Council which is referred to in our editorial comments. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE Government's advocacy of a national policy of physical training has again brought into prominence the question of the poor nutrition of the people. A natural reluctance to accept unpleasant facts impels many persons, otherwise responsible and well educated, to grasp at any argument, however futile, against the existence of widespread malnutrition. But the only sound approach to this subject can be through getting down to facts.

Take an average-sized working-class family with three children. The standard rate of wages of the father as an outdoor unskilled worker is forty-two shillings gross. How does this income compare with an estimate of minimum needs? (A scale is used based on the estimates of the *New Survey of London Life and Labour* and of the *Merseyside Social Survey*, for rent, fuel, light, clothing, and cleaning materials; and for food, based on the B.M.A. minimum diet estimates of 1933). The minimum needs of this family work out at 47*s.* 5½*d.* per week. They are therefore 5*s.* 5½*d.* below the poverty line.

How many are likely to fall below this poverty line? All families that depend wholly on the father's wages (42*s.*) as an unskilled worker are at or below the poverty line, if there are more than two children. All families wholly dependent on the father's unemployment benefit fall below the poverty line, if there is even one child. The position of other types of relief is similar. All these scales are inadequate. It is obvious therefore that a very great number of families must fall below the poverty line. Actually the number is even much greater than would appear from these estimates of minimum needs, for the reasons which follow.

The scale of minimum needs is theoretical. It makes no allowance for fares, recreation, tobacco, newspapers, replacements of crockery, etc., insurances, trade union subscriptions, expenses of illness, and holidays. It is an estimate of the barest necessities, only theoretically applicable for a limited period during unemployment. Actually, no family lives according to such a scale. Either by necessity or by choice, more is invariably spent on the other things and less on food. Consequently, the number who will be inadequately nourished is very much larger than the theoretical poverty line figures indicate.

The minimum costs for adequate food, as given, are too low. They are based on the B.M.A. minimum diets. These diets purport to be adequate diets at minimum cost. But, in fact, they are not adequate. Obviously the B.M.A. Committee's intention was not to dictate a low dietary level, but to establish a minimum. And such it is. To take two examples: the B.M.A. milk allowance is one pint per day up to five years, reducing gradually to a quarter of a pint by fourteen years—just enough to flavour one's tea. The Ministry of Health, on the other hand, rightly advocates one pint of milk per day up to sixteen years, and, for expectant and nursing mothers, two pints per day. The B.M.A. allow ¼ lb. of butter per head—per week.

Even if these diets were adequate, there are serious difficulties in applying them within the B.M.A. range of costs. Those costs assume that the mother has a detailed knowledge of the B.M.A. scheme; that she will spend every penny according to the B.M.A. schedule; that she has access to the cheapest markets; and that her family have no peculiarities of taste which run counter to the schedule diet. In actual life, in order to obtain the level of nutriment outlined by the B.M.A., a family would require a considerable margin above the minimum costs given by them. It must also be borne in mind that the prices quoted in the B.M.A. pamphlet were 1933 summer prices, the lowest at any time since the War.

Their diet for an adult man, quoted in 1933 at 5*s.* 10½*d.*, now costs 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the price is still rising.

For these reasons, the proportion of families falling below the poverty line, in other words, attaining a standard of life at which malnutrition is inevitable, is vastly greater than these theoretical poverty line estimates suggest.

Valuable confirmation has been provided by the investigations of Dr. M'Gonigle into the actual expenditure of employed families. For the type of family with an income of 40*s.* a week the average expenditure on items other than food was 23*s.*, leaving 17*s.* for food; whereas the amount that should have been available for food was, at the B.M.A. minimum, 28*s.* 4*d.* at prices then ruling. That is to say that people living at this income level have to reverse the proportions of expenditure. Rent, fuel, Trade Union or club subscriptions, and a lot of other things must be paid for first. What is left is then available for the most vital requisite—food. If the mother goes out to work in order to augment the family income, she is forced to leave her home and children in neglect.

One sometimes hears the reproach that the poor spend too much on amusements, the cinema in particular. This view is both heartless and unthinking. The cinema remains the one comparatively harmless and inexpensive escape from the cramped and drab conditions of poverty. The poorer people are, the greater is the need for some kind of entertainment or diversion.

The sacrifices frequently made by women in order that their children may have more, and which they regard as a matter of course, present a grave problem in lowering the vitality of the motherhood of the nation. Little progress can be made in reducing maternal mortality until provision is made for the exceptionally high nutritional needs of mothers. Less than a year ago the College of Obstetricians was asked to outline a diet at 5*s.* or 7*s.* a week for expectant and nursing mothers. They refused to do this; instead, they outlined what they regarded as an adequate diet at a minimum cost. This diet now costs about 13*s.* a week. Anyone who understands the significance of this figure as an item in the household economy of the working classes, even of those earning skilled wages (and of black-coated workers, many of whom earn less than skilled wages), will know that few mothers can hope to get such a diet. Confirmation of this is to be found in investigations carried out in London and Aberdeen, where up to fifty per cent. of mothers were shown to be anaemic.

This brings us to the consideration of a more realistic estimate of an adequate standard of living. Sir John Orr prescribes an average expenditure on food of 10*s.* per head per week as necessary to ensure adequate nutrition. This is in line with the comments I have made on the B.M.A. minimum costs. An expenditure of 10*s.* a week on food is found in actual life at a total income level of 20*s.* to 30*s.* per head. A most valuable estimate of an adequate minimum standard of life has been made recently by the Engineers' Economic Study Group, quite independently of Orr and his co-workers. The Engineers state that the average family, consisting of nearly four individuals, requires a minimum income of £6 a week, including 10*s.* per head for food. If you adopt that as the standard of living, at which nutrition first becomes adequate, the mean allowances of the poverty line are revealed as miserable.

Now for some direct evidence of this appalling state of things. "No fact is better established than that the death rate, and especially the death rate among children, is high in inverse proportion to the social status of the population concerned. Not only are poverty and a high death rate always closely related, but a high death rate implies also a high rate of sickness and of inefficiency among those who survive." So wrote Sir Arthur Newsholme. One prominent example of this is provided in the tuberculosis death rate, always a sensitive index of nutrition, in one of our large and most prosperous cities, where the deaths from tuberculosis in the central poor area were half as high again as in the more well-to-do outer area; and in two of the poorest wards the rate was three and a half times higher than in two of the most well-to-do wards. There is an abundance of figures from all over the country to confirm this conclusion that death rates are heavily weighted by poverty. Of the disabilities of poverty, inadequate feeding far outweighs all the other factors put together.

Such are the end-results of malnutrition. Its symptoms are a high toll of ill-health. The children of the poor suffer from a vast amount of anaemia, impetigo, septic sores and rashes, slow healing of wounds, eye-inflammation, and so on, the main cause of which is poor food. The well-nourished child does not suffer from these things. Catarrhal troubles of all kinds are much commoner among the poor. Inadequate food lowers resistance to infection; hence the much higher death rate from pneumonia and bronchitis among the poor. Deafness is much more prevalent among the poor; and that rough, coarse quality of voice, due to chronic laryngitis, is almost a working-class characteristic. Premature ageing is typical of poverty.

The physique of the general population is of a low grade. Recruiting statistics confirm this, and so do comparisons between the heights and weights of elementary school children and those of the well-to-do. Working-class parents in general have no idea what proper health and development are like. It is pathetic to see what a low standard of physique they accept, and are even proud of, in their children.

We School Medical Officers often have to meet the taunt that if the poor were malnourished they would complain of hunger. Some of the very poor are hungry. But malnutrition is due to poor food rather than not enough, and loss of appetite, rather than hunger, is its symptom. To suggest that there are schemes of relief—free meals and cheap milk—is mere cynicism. Charity only touches the edge of the problem.

The published facts disprove the allegation that ignorance, sloth and foolish spending are the cause of malnutrition. Such arguments are sand for the conservative ostrich. There is, no doubt, ignorance of the culinary art in England—in all classes. But it is not enough to tell the poor what to do when they have not the means to do it. So long as we have poverty, we shall have malnutrition.

E. H. WILKINS

A LONDON DIARY

I WENT to Oxford last week-end where the election was affording a certain amount of interest. Apparently the Conservative vote is hopelessly split. Professor Lindemann was put forward by the sub-committee at the last election and rejected by the Conservative caucus, whose candidate forfeited his deposit. He decided this time to stand independently of them, and his claims are put forward by ninety members of the two Houses of Parliament including Chamberlain, Churchill, Lloyd, and Horne. He is in fact the Die-hard choice. The caucus could have either supported him, persuaded him not to stand, or put forward someone else. They chose Sir Farquhar Buzzard.

"I am neither a politician nor an expert in any branch of departmental administration and I doubt whether either of these qualities is essential for a university representative in Parliament. On the other hand I have always taken a keen interest in politics, and am proud to give my wholehearted and loyal services to the National Government, whose policy has earned both the gratitude of our own people, and the respectful admiration of other countries during the last five years of unparalleled anxiety and difficulty."

* * *

Hence those cries of "Viva Eden," "Arriba MacDonald," "Heil Baldwin," and "Salud y Abyssinia!" with which English visitors are greeted, always respectfully, abroad.

Professor Lindemann's address, though not backed by the dons and the moderate Conservatives, has a flesh-creeping appeal. "The technical question of countering the bombing aeroplane" is his main reason for coming forward. "The

most useful function of a private member is to keep the Government departments on the alert by asking relevant questions. Unfortunately in many vital technical matters connected with air defence this work goes undone. Informed criticism in the House of Commons would help as nothing else could to accelerate work on these defence problems and overcome apathy and indifference." Sir Arthur Salter's address is the fullest—reasonable, independent, faintly pink; he gives his intelligent views on education, preserving the countryside, unemployment, finance, and foreign policy. Professor Lindemann advocates regional pacts, Sir Farquhar Buzzard collective security, and Sir Arthur Salter demands that "the main goal of diplomatic effort should be to re-create the political conditions under which the League can again work."

* * *

I spent some of the time trying to find a modern building but with little success, for there seems to be a kind of Cotswold revival going on at present. Campion Hall, in spite of many pleasant features within, is indeterminate Lutyens outside, and the new Nuffield bequest buildings which are growing up round the exquisite Radcliffe observatory have a slight American clapboard look. The last university I went over was that of Barcelona, with its palms and its patios, and the contrast was extraordinary. In Barcelona it seemed impossible that a university could not be a Left-wing institution; it had been suppressed several times, and had to battle for the right to teach in Catalan. The learned and genial rector, Bosch y Guimpera, had been torn from his wood-fire, and his excavations at Ampurias, to become one of the leading figures in the new Catalonia, to fight for the lives of other professors in Salamanca or Oviedo, to organise war research. A rebel victory would mean probably the closing of the university, the death of many of the dons, the burning of books. (There is a delightful library with concealed lighting all round the ceiling, gay colours, good chairs and a reading lamp for every two readers, a book lift; access to all the books, as in the London Library, and even a book hospital where all books are sent to be cleaned, patched up, or disinfected from time to time.) I noticed a section of books on modern education; Dartington, Neale, Russell, and other names were prominent. In Oxford, however, one wonders how a university could ever be a Left-wing institution at all. The choice, if the choice ever has to be made, will wreck it. The undergraduates seem less political than one is given to expect. The Labour club is bigger than that of Cambridge but contains fewer Communists. In a woman's college I was told that out of a hundred, sixty girls were interested in personal relations, twenty in work, twenty in politics, of whom ten would be Communist, five Socialist, five other parties. Psycho-analysis was beginning to date.

* * *

There is a very brisk little exhibition of Spanish propaganda now open on Ludgate Hill. It is vividly and admirably arranged. All the Left-wing parties are represented, and anyone who knows nothing about Spain can come out, after making the tour, with a real grasp of the subject. It is a pity that only photographs can be shown. There is a room in the propaganda department in Barcelona which contains one or two unexploded bombs, huge objects as big as a man weighing some thirty stone, and also scimitars and daggers taken from the Moors, a contrast which would have far greater effect. More films also might be shown. The best one I have seen is on at the Panthéon cinema in Paris, and is a French documentary film of the country of the Urdes, made in 1935. The two photographers went to the Sierra de Gata, south of Salamanca towards the Portuguese Frontier, and Ciudad Rodrigo. These lonely and unexplored mountains, with their rocks and their flowers, shelter, in the valleys behind the monastery of Las Batuecas, the people called Urdes, a remnant of the original Iberian tribes long supposed to be pagans. Their extraordinary flat-roofed villages are built in ledges on the hillside and look like piles of slates. At first the film seems a typical travelogue, remarkable only for its photography, a romantic journey through this little known and picturesque country. Then suddenly the lid is lifted from these windowless houses and one sees the existence which Church, State, and throne have permitted these people for a thousand years. Village idiots, including the terrifying schizophrene "furcaps" pop up from behind the walls, children die on the streets and their bodies are floated in wicker coffins across the bridgeless rivers till they arrive at the rare cemeteries, to be buried nameless under a rude wooden cross. In the sunlight men shiver from malaria, fight for green cherries in villages where they have never seen bread, or depart on long treks to the plains in search of work. Some are bitten by vipers, others cultivate tiny patches of ground by the river bed which are submerged at the first flood. The few animals fare no better. The goats fall over precipices. The donkeys are tethered too close to the primitive hives and are stung to death by the bees—their honey is too sour to eat. There seems to be a spirit of natural evil blowing over the fragrant wastes, and the life which the camera reveals in these sunlit villages is a kind of nightmare, from which the cameramen themselves are glad to escape.

* * *

I was very interested to hear that one of the ways to be spotted as a Fascist in Madrid was to wear a "pork-pie" hat. I believe you would find it was a Fascist trait in England, not merely an economic distinction, and I think a list ought to be made, with the help of those interested in mass psychology, of other crypto-Fascist symptoms (as in the Airman's Journal in Auden's *Orators*) which might enable us to recognise our future persecutors, and, perhaps, permit some of them to cope with their disease before it has gone too far. I suspect the word "bloke," a favourite with the *lumpen* middle classes, to be a danger signal. A bloke, a cheery soul—and there is that terrible word of the Rev. Tubby Clayton—"blokeage." ("Every day thinking about things gets mouldier and mouldier, and thinking about blokes more and more cheerful.") The go-anywhere, do-anything, put-up-a-good-fist against a nasty-piece-of-work, Bull-dog Drummond blokeage! Can anyone supply other ways of recognising them?

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Stella Alexander.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The surest sign of restoration of probity, and propriety after what the British feared as too much flesh and the devil in high places is royally owned horse flesh taking stiff hurdles on a racecourse. So when George VI announced on Tuesday, the third day after his accession, he was going to keep up Sandringham and the royal racing stables toward which his brother, Edward VIII, had been indifferent, it was hailed as a happy augury of a return to the old unexotic customs of his father.—London Letter in *Pekin and Tientsin Times.*

Some amusement was caused by the "musical pottery." The Queen picked up a beer tankard, which at once started to play, from a concealed musical box, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do." She drew the attention of the Duke of Kent to it, and ordered one, and also a china cigarette box in the form of a dog kennel, which plays tunes while the dog delivers cigarettes from its mouth. Queen Mary found a tankard which plays the National Anthem.—*Times.*

Lastly, during the attack, the people should be ceaselessly broadcasted to, the course of the raid, the action of the counter-attack, etc., being described to them as if it were a race or a prize fight, so that their brains may be occupied and their thoughts distracted.—Major-General J. F. C. Fuller on "Air Defence" in the *English Review.*

It is not merely book learning that is sought for these princes and princesses who one day will rule or be the consorts of rulers. It has long been recognised in the Courts of Europe and elsewhere that there is a quality called poise, a degree of character building, a development of outstanding personality that somehow can be acquired from none but British tutors.—*Glasgow Bulletin.*

THE CHURCH IN SPAIN

[The writer of this article was one of the group of Anglican and Free Churchmen who recently made a visit of inquiry to Spain, and whose report was published last week.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

I HAVE become quite accustomed to feeling ashamed of being an Englishman. It is a new experience to be also ashamed of my membership of the Labour Party and of believing in Christianity; but that was the effect of facing the microphone in the studio at Valencia. When we were busy betraying Abyssinia (and ourselves) we had at least the satisfaction of knowing that the treachery was performed by a reactionary Government and that moderate and progressive opinion was solidly against it. One of the worst aspects of the tragedy of Spain is that so many normally quite enlightened people do not understand what is happening and are consequently either apathetic or even hostile to the cause of the Spanish Government.

The excellence of the Fascist propaganda, ably aided and abetted by most of the capitalist press, will partly account for this; but not entirely. Another and powerful factor is the religious red herring which has been so successfully dragged across the trail. England is far more religious than the number of churchgoers would suggest. Just because it is an instinct rather than a rational belief, public opinion is more easily shocked by the blatant anti-Church policy of the early days of the revolution in Russia than by the more subtle but infinitely more harmful and fundamental paganism of Nazi Germany. As a consequence, it has been easy to propagate the myth of "Bolshevik" Spain. That facts flatly contradict this conception is obscured by emotion evoked by the religious controversy. I wanted to find out the truth about it all and took the obvious course—I bought a ticket for Spain.

It would be absurd to deny that one of the issues of the civil war is the Church *versus* the Government. But that statement by itself conveys an entirely false idea of the real issue. Historically, the Church in Spain has always been at variance with the principles for which it purported to stand. So good a Catholic as Cardinal Newman denounced it, and within the last few weeks a number of prominent English Christians, including the Archbishop of York, referred in a Manifesto to the fact that "at times sections of the Church have been actively associated with policies and regimes that have been obviously irreconcilable to the Spirit of Christ." It would be difficult to think of a better example than the Church in Spain.

Few happenings have been more unsavoury or more obviously "irreconcilable with the Spirit of Christ" than the behaviour of the Church after the conquest of the Moors in the fifteenth century. Its power was founded on perjury and supported by massacre and torture. Moreover, the circumstances which made the war against the Moors a religious question linked the Church in Spain with the State so closely that since that time there has been an association that has been seriously detrimental to Church and State alike. From this unfortunate start the Church has never recovered. All established institutions tend by their nature to be conservative, whether they be, like the Church, two thousand years old, or, like the oligarchy at Transport House, comparatively recent. The Church in Spain had become even more of a vested interest than is usually the case.

The spontaneous anger against the established Church in Spain is not anti-religious, but aimed at the tyranny with which that Church has become identified. As a prominent Spanish Catholic has said, the priest "is not blamed for believing in Christ, but blamed because he does not imitate Christ; he is not blamed for his vows and his rules, but for not keeping them faithfully; he is not insulted for preaching the next life and the renunciation of this, but for not renouncing this earthly life and for seeming to have forgotten the other."

When taking into account stories of the massacre of priests and burning of churches by Government supporters, two facts have to be borne in mind. First, that it was the provocative behaviour of the priests which was responsible for the outburst of lawless reprisals, and, in any case, the fact that a priest is a priest is no excuse for anti-social, criminal behaviour. In the second place, the partial inability of the Government to protect them was due to the desertion of army and police officers, and it is on those who instigated this treachery that a large measure of the responsibility rests for such massacres as did take place. Order has now been restored and stories of massacres continuing to-day are pure fabrication.

Can a Church claim respect when its "love" is demonstrated in the accumulation of fabulous fortunes in the midst of grinding poverty? Can it claim immunity when its ministers have become leaders of the revolt against democracy, when its buildings are used as arsenals and fortresses, when it blesses the murderers of children and places the power and wealth of its leaders before the welfare of those it is pledged to serve? What has such an institution to do with Jesus of Nazareth, the friend of the oppressed, the Prince of Peace? We are too apt to forget that it was the organised Church of two thousand years ago which crucified the founder of Christianity.

But it must not be thought that the Church in Spain is all on the side of the rebels. Many of those I spoke to among the Government supporters were Catholics, including, for instance, Señor Irujo, Minister without Portfolio, who makes no secret of the fact that he is a devout Catholic. The Basque country from which he comes is solidly Catholic and solidly loyal. On the other hand, the rebels have no respect for the Church except in so far as it supports them, since for all their boast of being the "saviours of Christianity" they shoot without scruple priests who have committed the deadly sin of remaining loyal.

Rather than trying to assess the responsibility for massacre and counter massacre, a more simple and effective method of understanding the issue at stake is to recall an oft-forgotten but quite vital tenet of the Christian faith. Christianity is concerned mainly with the relationship of Man to God. It regards unavoidable suffering in this world as of minor importance compared with the welfare of Man's soul. Efforts to interpret Christianity as being primarily concerned with social reform are rightly regarded as heresy. But how can we love God, whom we have not seen, if we cannot love Man, whom we have seen? How can we be worthy of eternal life if we have not learned to be good citizens of this temporal life? It may be true that to be a humanitarian is not necessarily to be a Christian, but it is certainly true that one cannot be a Christian unless one is a humanitarian. An institution, then, which is tyrannical and opposes measures to improve the lot of a suffering people is certainly not Christian. Yet this is just what the major portion of the Church in Spain is doing.

When the Republic was founded in Spain in 1931 the people were half-starved, wages in some districts were about 7*s.* a week, 14 per cent. of the people were illiterate, there were practically no health or social services, and liberty was only a name. The country, potentially rich, was exploited for the benefit of the Church, the decadent aristocracy and the feudal landowners to whose interests all else was subordinated.

The Republic set out to change this. Of course it was bound to be a long and difficult task. Of course there were bound to be disorders and muddles while democracy adjusted itself. The purpose of Franco's rebellion was to frustrate these reforms. What view was a Christian to take? The most casual reading of the New Testament will supply the answer.

Since my return from Spain I am frequently asked why I did not also go into the country held by Franco. Merely to ask this question shows a fundamental misunderstanding of the issues. I should much like to go to the territory controlled by Franco, as a matter of interest; but not with a view to judging the merits of his regime. It is not a question of choosing between the merits of the Valencia Government and the Burgos Junta. The people of Spain have already chosen. The only argument which could be advanced in favour of the rebels is, politically, that the Government is a "Bolshevik rabble" which cannot keep

order and is not fit to govern, or, from a Christian point of view, that the Government is anti-religious and will destroy the liberty and welfare of the people. Without going to Spain one can see that this is a weak argument. The rebels do not pretend that if they are successful they will carry out reforms. They aim at restoring the *status quo ante*, a state of affairs which should have been abhorrent to any Christian conscience.

A visit to the country quickly dispels any doubts that may remain. I had many interviews with people, including ministers. The one fact that shouts out to the most slow-witted visitor is that here is a people in arms in defence of their rights. The Government is a real coalition, from "Anarchist" to Moderate Liberal. But it is not a patchwork. It is a body of men whose political creeds are forgotten in the common end of democracy. There is perfect order. The Government which the people of Spain have chosen is neither "Bolshevik" nor a rabble. However plausible the rebels may be, the fact remains that they are rebels, and since the Valencia Government is both competent and legally elected, nothing that they can say can excuse their rebellion.

The same English Christians whom I have quoted above also hold that Christianity must be expressed politically through democracy. Democracy is at stake in Spain. So is organised Christianity.

One understands in the light of history the attitude of the corrupt Spanish Church. It is difficult to understand the attitude of English Christians. That a branch of the Church has betrayed its faith is the more reason why those who are loyal to it should be the more jealous of its honour.

The conflict in Spain is between oppression and reform. Between democracy and Fascism. Between the paganism with which Fascism is inextricably bound up and the essential Christian qualities. If the Church here in England remains silent, it will, by its silence, be implicated in this new crucifixion of Christ.

HENRY BRINTON

GENIUS

DURING the week an advertisement appeared: "Epic novel, 140,000 words, seeks publisher or patron.—'Genius' . . . N.W.1." Approached by the *News Chronicle* for information about himself, the novelist declared: "I'm sure I'm a genius. In fact, I've just registered my telegraphic address as 'Genius, London.'" He added that his novel had been sent to sixty-nine publishers, all of whom rejected it except one, who went bankrupt just as he was about to publish it. This steady flow of misfortune has not in the slightest degree modified the novelist's opinion of his work. "It is really a big thing," he declared. "I say definitely that it compares with Thomas Hardy."

As I have not read his book, I cannot say whether the novelist is a genius or not. But, as I read his advertisement I could not help envying his magnificent confidence in his powers. Even if a writer is neglected by the public—or rather by the publishers, who prevent his work from reaching the public—it must be some consolation for him to feel that he has only to bide his time, like Shelley and Keats, in order to be ushered into a place among the immortals. In the day-dreams of youth it seems a far more desirable fate to be a neglected genius than to be a successful pot-boiler. Genius in a garret—how the heart goes out to it! If Oliver Goldsmith had been as successful from the beginning as the American "columnist" who died the other day leaving a large fortune, he would never have become posterity's darling. It is very difficult to love an enormously successful man unless you know him well enough to be able to see him apart from his success. So deep-seated is the antipathy to success that many a writer has lost the reputation of being a genius merely by being successful. In my youth I mixed a good deal with art-students, and I found that success was as much under suspicion in the world of painting as in the world of letters. A rich R.A. was a positively sickening spectacle to the idealistic young. "Simply a foul-minded old pot-boiler," was the nearest thing to a compliment it was possible to say about him.

Worldly failure at that time seemed a very attractive fate for a genius. And most of my friends, I am sure, abjured in their hearts the financial rewards that nobody had yet offered them. Genius was the only thing they worshipped, and for that—until they fell in love—they would have bartered all their hopes of riches. Oddly enough, the only one among them who was quite sure he was a genius was the least so of all. Confidence in the possession of genius is a characteristic shared equally by men of genius and men of none. Horace boasted that in his verse he had built a monument more lasting than bronze, and he was justified. But other poets, I fancy, have been as boastful and their works have perished. Shakespeare was justly confident of the immortality of his sonnets, but how many other poets have proclaimed their own greatness whose books are now dust! The friend of whom I have spoken was as certain that he would, in his favourite phrase, "make a noise in the world," as he was that the next day's sun would rise. He had a passion for writing verse, and was constantly producing long poems that read like cantos that Spenser had thrown into the waste-paper basket. He had an extraordinary facility for rhyme and for imitation, and when he had filled an exercise-book with his rhymes and imitations, he knew that it was all good. One day he gave me a long poem with the request that I should read it and give him my opinion of it when next I saw him. "I don't expect you ever to do anything original yourself," he said to me, flatteringly, "but I do respect your judgment as a critic." I took the poem home and saw at once that it was merely the product of long immersion in *Don Juan*. I told him so as tactfully as I could at our next meeting—said that the rhymes were very ingenious and that the poem was Byronic. "You mean," he said, his face stiffening with incredulity, "that I'm a mere rhymester?" He was a little man who rose on the extreme points of his toes at each step as if to add to his inches, and he seemed to elongate himself by at least a foot as he strode beside me in cold indignation. I did my best to mingle truth with honey, but it was no use. When he met another friend of mine a day later, he said to him: "My God, do you know who Y. compared me to? Byron!" And he shrieked with mirthless laughter at the supreme idiocy of my belittlement.

There are, I fancy, a considerable number of poets in the civilised parts of the world to-day who are equally certain of their possession of the divine spark. The pleasure of writing verse is so great that the poet finds it difficult to understand why his work should not be as pleasant to read as it was to write. His raptures about the moon and the sea were so real that he feels that anyone who is not utterly indifferent to the moon and the sea must be enchanted by his verses. And the worse the verse is, the more eagerly he desires praise for it. If the praise is withheld he asks, woefully: "But what's wrong with it?" And the only truthful answer, as a rule, is: "There is nothing wrong with it except that you expect other people to read it and enjoy it." To be asked to criticise an ordinary poem is like being asked to criticise an ordinary landscape painting by an amateur. What one is chiefly conscious of is that the thing has been infinitely better done by thousands of other people already. This does not mean that the poem was not worth writing or the landscape worth painting, but only that they are not worth showing to anybody outside the family circle. I fancy that it gives almost as much pleasure to write mediocre verse as to write verse like Shakespeare's and to paint a mediocre landscape as to paint like Constable. The main difference between the genius and the non-genius is that only the genius can communicate his pleasure. It is, perhaps, fortunate that genius is rare, for life is short, and, if all poems and pictures were works of genius we should have no time to enjoy them. As it is, not more than one poem in a hundred thousand and not more than one picture in ten thousand is better than goodish. This is a merciful dispensation of providence.

Since the introduction of compulsory education I imagine the number of poets has greatly increased. Everybody has learned (more or less) how to write and everybody has learned (more or less) how to think, and the result has been some deplorably mediocre writing and some deplorably mediocre thinking. Neither of these things, however, is entirely an evil. Each of them ministers to human vanity—that grand source of happiness when it is not a source of humiliation and distress. One of the happiest men I ever knew was a mediocre poet. He was a charming, refined old clergyman whom I always thought of as a reincarnated John of Gaunt. He used to talk to me about poetry, and always led the talk round somehow to his own verse. "When I published my book," he said, "people compared me to Alexander Smith; and you won't remember, but, when the Laureateship was vacant, many people thought that it should have been offered to Alexander Smith instead of Tennyson." He brought all this out with the most exquisite simplicity, and I assure you it was no small pleasure to be in the company of an old man who enjoyed life doubly as he saw himself as the peer of Tennyson. There are few things lovelier than harmless vanity. How it makes the face shine, and brings a sweet tremulousness into human speech!

I knew another clergyman, tiny and side-whiskered, who was equally assured of his gifts as a poet. One day, I was praising the work of William Watson, whom he had never read. "Show me one of his books," he said. "I have only one test for poetry. When I read a poem, I ask myself: 'Could I have done it better myself?' If I feel I could have done it better myself, I say to myself: 'No, it's no use. Whatever other people may say, that poem wasn't worth writing.'" I gave him the "Odes," and he read through the "Ode to a Skylark." He shook his head as he laid the book down. "No," he said, "no good. I could have done it better myself." And, in spite of the damning evidence contained in his own verse—addresses to Queen Victoria, and so forth—he believed this. And he was happy in the belief.

It is true that both these clergymen had incomes not derived from their verse. To be happy as a neglected genius, I imagine, it is almost necessary to have a safe income. I think myself that everybody who claims to be a genius ought to be subsidised by the State, which, even if it did not publish him, should at least feed him. This, I am sure, would greatly increase the sum of human happiness. It might also increase the sum of human laziness and result in far fewer books being written. And are not both these desirable ends? Y. Y.

MRS. URQUHART AND SCOTLAND YARD

THE publication last week of correspondence passing between Scotland Yard and the solicitor who acted on behalf of a newspaper-seller who had been wrongfully arrested raises issues even more important than the injustice done to the newspaper-seller in question. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that in this matter, and therefore presumably in many other matters which have not come to light, Scotland Yard have acted in disregard both of their own disciplinary regulations and of the duty they owe to the public.

The facts are shortly as follows. On September 29th of last year Mrs. Urquhart, a middle-aged woman, was selling, as she was accustomed to do, the Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, outside Golders Green Tube Station. She was arrested by two plain-clothes policemen and charged with obstruction, an offence for which the maximum penalty is a 40s. fine. Nevertheless, the police refused to accept her own surety for bail and she was imprisoned at the station. "I was then searched," wrote Mrs. Urquhart of the events that followed, "the matron first putting her hand up my jumper and feeling my chest, and then proceeding to put her hands up the legs of my knickers and feeling my thighs."

On October 1st the charge against Mrs. Urquhart was heard before the Hendon Bench and dismissed without the defence being called upon, owing, as the Chairman said, to the "discrepancies" in the police evidence.

On October 3rd Mr. Thompson, the solicitor representing Mrs. Urquhart, wrote to the Chief Commissioner, Sir Philip Game, suggesting that the Chief Commissioner should hold an inquiry into the matter to determine whether any substantial injustice had been done to his client, and that the Chief Commissioner should obtain for that purpose a note of the evidence. He also vigorously protested against the refusal to grant bail and against the search.

Two weeks later Scotland Yard replied that the Chief Commissioner had made inquiries and that he was satisfied that the action of the police throughout in dealing with Mrs. Urquhart was correct. Mr. Thompson again wrote protesting, and Scotland Yard replied that the Police Commissioner had nothing to add to his first letter. Mr. Thompson then threatened to take proceedings against the matron who had carried out the search. Whereupon, after some delay, Scotland Yard replied that the Commissioner "had caused further inquiry to be made" and that it appeared to him "that the arrest was unnecessary and unjustified" and he made an offer of pecuniary compensation.

It is clear, therefore, that the first inquiry made by the Commissioner, which, according to the correspondence, completely satisfied him, was in fact of so incomplete a character as to obscure the truth. Indeed, from the correspondence it appears that until proceedings were threatened the Commissioner had not obtained, though Mr. Thompson had requested him to do so in his first letter, the note taken by the magistrate's clerk of the evidence of the two officers against whom allegations were made.

The first question to be considered is whether, under these circumstances, the Commissioner was committing a breach of duty in holding what must be admitted from the correspondence itself to have been an incomplete inquiry.

There is no statutory authority by which the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police can be compelled to inquire into the conduct of any of his officers at the request of a third party. But the Commissioner is a magistrate by virtue of his position and his office is, in origin, judicial. This makes it all the more necessary that if he undertakes to make an inquiry he should conduct that inquiry in a judicial fashion. It appears that in this case the Commissioner did not so conduct his inquiry. He failed to obtain the notes of the evidence upon which he was asked to inquire. Yet, without being in possession of the material necessary for his inquiry, he held his investigation and pronounced himself satisfied. Though he may have been under no obligation in the first place to make any inquiries, once he had undertaken to do so it is hard to avoid the conclusion that his method of carrying them out was open to grave criticism.

Even more serious was his attitude to the search suffered by Mrs. Urquhart. In the first letter to Mr. Thompson the police stated: "Your client was searched in accordance with the usual practice before being put into the cell." The law on the right of search is obscure, but accepting the interpretation most favourable to the police, even then it is clear that, at the most, a prisoner in custody can only be searched if he shows signs of violence, or to obtain any evidence of his crime which may be about his person. For example, *Stone's Justices' Manual*, the standard work of police and police-court practice, says that a prisoner may only be searched

> . . . when it is likely there are on him (i) stolen articles or (ii) any instruments of violence or (iii) any tools connected with the type of crime he is alleged to have committed or (iv) other similar articles which may be useful in evidence against him. The right of search does not include the private person of the prisoner.

The offence with which Mrs. Urquhart was charged was obstruction of the highway. By no stretch of the imagination could it be imagined that there would be found on her person evidence of such an offence. And yet in face of the definite assertion to the contrary in *Stone* the search was defended

by the police as part of their usual procedure. If such conduct is, in fact, part of their usual procedure, there is surely a case for a Parliamentary investigation of the present administration and working of Scotland Yard. BARRISTER

Correspondence

REARMAMENT

SIR,—Whether consciously or not, Mr. Neville Chamberlain with his gigantic defence programme appears to have laid the economic foundations for the future British Fascist State.

I am not in a position to carry out a detailed analysis of finance and industry in Great Britain, but there seems no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's defence loans came at the right time to save the boom created by the rebuilding programme of 1935, from bursting.

Now new life has been artificially injected into the armament and allied industries, while other industries, only remotely connected with defence, and already languishing, will further decline. As no endeavour has been made, as in France, to nationalise war industries, nor to limit profits, the tendency will be for every manufacturer who can do so, to turn his plant into a munition factory—a very elastic term these days—as the only line of production in which the profits are sufficiently enticing.

If we continue to arm at the present tempo, and the indications are that this tempo will be accelerated as the other nations take up our challenge, it will only be a matter of time before our whole industrial machine, as in Italy and Germany, will be based on a war economy.

Before this dangerous situation is reached our Government will be faced with the dilemma, either of drastically cutting defence expenditure, thereby dislocating industry and throwing millions out of work, or of following the line of least resistance and voting further colossal credits from depleted resources to bolster up the war machine. Knowing something of the Tory mentality which is the driving force behind the present National Government, I have no doubt that the second choice will be made.

Owing to the inflationary nature of this defence financing, prices are bound to rise, and the working class, as usual, will have to bear the brunt. There will probably be an outcry from wage-earners as they see the purchasing power of their money dwindling away and armament millionaires springing up all over the country, but the Government will meet the situation either by frightening the masses by pointing to the reckless rearmament which is going on elsewhere, or by taking legislative measures to curb trade union activity and freedom of speech.

There is plenty of legislation on the Statute Book to enable the Government in the interests of national security to check any incipient uprising by the masses, which would also afford an excuse to nationalise labour. In this direction Fascism lies, and if steps are not taken now to meet and defeat this trend, Britain's advance towards the totalitarian State will begin in grim earnest.

The Labour Party in the House of Commons have shown a strange reluctance to pursue to their logical conclusion the trends of the Government's arming policy. Such apathy and inaction at this period are beyond comprehension, for if action is not taken quickly then our very "constitutional" Labour Party may find themselves confronted with a situation where a General Election is neither expedient nor necessary on the grounds of "national security."

Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascism may yet prove an innocuous brand of cheap theatricals compared to Neville Chamberlain's industrial totalitarism created to equip Britain's war machine.

107 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. FRANK L. MCILRAITH

SIR,—In your leading article on the "Butchers Bill," you state that, if we are to be the victims of aggression by a combination of Fascist countries, you hold no brief for those "who would have us resist mechanised armies with bare hands."

On another page Dr. C. E. M. Joad summarises the conclusions of the Cambridge Scientists on the protection of the public from aerial attack. "So far as the layman is concerned," he says, "the conclusions are clear and unavoidable. They inform him that, broadly speaking, there is no protection for him against hostile aircraft in the next war; precisely, in fact, what Mr. Baldwin informed him in 1932."

In effect, then, and "broadly speaking," what weapon of resistance is left to us, except bare hands?

We could, of course, retaliate, and in a major war destroy from the air innocent citizens who are already the victims of oppression in Fascist countries. But as such a course must inevitably result in the establishment of a military tyranny in our own country, as well as in the Fascist countries, is there not something to be said for those who prefer the risk of "disarmament by example," to the certainty of war implicit in the present armament race?

H. C. D.

THE STATE OF SPAIN

SIR,—I have just completed a letter to our local paper, refuting the allegation that the members of the Saklatvala Unit were lured to Spain under the pretence that they were not to fight but be employed as agricultural labourers at a wage of £6 per week.

It is with the greatest regret that I find myself compelled to turn now to a similar task in connection with an article by Cyril Connolly in your last issue. I never expected to find such a duty forced upon me. But letters from my husband are in such glaring contrast to the statements made by Connolly that I feel I must. (My husband is serving with the Saklatvala Unit.) Connolly says:

> It would be hard to find an atmosphere more full of envy, intrigue, rumour and muddle than that which exists at the moment in the capitals of republican Spain. . . . The further one gets from the front the louder the mutual accusations . . .

Since the capital, Madrid, is also the front, as the Madrileños know to their cost, it is difficult to understand this point. But it would appear useful to hear what those at the front are saying, as well as the café-loungers! He alleges that there have been considerable changes in the political, military, and economic situations since he was there in December and they are all for the worse. In regard to the military situation my husband says:

> I have heard of men with old rifles, machine guns without ammunition—defeating enemy forces well entrenched and well armed. They are, of course, old stories, because we have come far from those days, but they are stories which will never die. . . . Our own International Brigade in its early days had some outstanding experiences. Seven or eight different kinds of ammunition and three or four guns which only worked sometimes, no water-bottles, uniforms or dixies, no decent equipment. About all they had was rifles and all the guts in the world. Time after time they would be driven from their positions in the daytime and would take them with their inferior weapons at night. Our airplanes, poorly equipped, had no chance at one time. It's a different story now! Our rifles were poor—it's different now! We had no equipment—it's different now! In fact, we feel very pleased with ourselves! . . . We have a grand outfit, and the difference from ordinary armies is positively amazing. There's no clicking of heels—polishing buttons, or any of that tommy rot. The battalion doesn't cater for a surface smartness, but when the occasion arises everybody can jump to it like one man.
>
> Our lectures are really amazing from an army point of view. Political and military subjects are discussed—healthy argument—constructive criticism—everybody seems to have something to offer and what is most amazing from ordinary army viewpoints, is that most of the suggestions are actually carried out in our work!

Connolly says: "It seems useless to clamour for unity of command when there is no one worthy of it."

My husband says: "The 'skipper' is a great guy. He can roar or he can whisper and we have even heard him 'earnestly beg,' and every time the response is amazing!"

The economic situation:

> . . . We were dismissed for three hours and went round the town. . . . Many of the large shops have been confiscated by the Anti-Fascist Committee, which is evidently a good thing as it looks as if they have most of the large shops to keep the community going. There is no shortage anywhere and the cafés are doing well. Everything seems to be quite cheap, and we can buy lots without spending much. . . . Huge banners and notices everywhere—I think, belonging to the Committees of the different parties. Otherwise life seems normal. . . . There is plenty of stuff in all the shops and you wouldn't really know there was a war going on. . . . There is a splendid organisation in the local Popular Front. . . . The fields are dotted on week-days with mules and men and the roads are busy. . . .

Connolly says: ". . . They are now even jealous of their one hope, the International Brigade. . . ."

My husband says:

> We get the Red Front from everybody we see. . . . We went down-town on a march—as we entered the Square we began on the

International and it seemed as if all of the children and most of the adults were there in a few minutes. We had smiling faces and Red Front salutes from all. . . . The Spanish are a very kind people. Grapes are a free supply and I doubt if any man in the battalion has not been invited into some home for a meal. Always smiling, always patient with our stumbling Spanish it is hard to believe that they have seen so much trouble. . . . I cannot get over the attitude of the Spanish people. They are really wonderfully kind. Everywhere you go smiles greet you and the niños of two and three give us "*Salud*" . . .

In conclusion, my husband has asked me to be sure to send on copies of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION regularly, as the boys are anxious to read it. What are they going to think when they find they are being stabbed in the back by their own side?

24 Upper Arundel Street, JANE WILLIAMS
Portsmouth.

[We are glad to put on record the experiences of a member of the Saklatvala Unit. It will be observed, however, that the date at which his letters were written is not given. If they had been recent, we can hardly believe he would have painted so rosy a picture of the situation. Nobody, e.g., writing from Madrid to-day or within the past month or so, could say: "There is no shortage anywhere" and "there is plenty of stuff in all the shops and you wouldn't really know there was a war going on." In any case, these letters do not refute Mr. Connolly. Much of what he wrote has been only too abundantly confirmed, not only by many other reliable correspondents on the spot, but by the public appeals for unity and discipline from the Valencia Government and from stalwarts of the *Frente Popular*—appeals which, we hope and believe, are now having their effect. To talk of "stabbing in the back" is ridiculous. There is no question of where Mr. Connolly's sympathies or those of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION lie; but it can surely be nothing but a disservice to the cause of the Spanish Republic in this crisis to feed the world with illusions.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LONDON ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—In "A London Diary" of your issue of February 13th last, reference is made to the change that is creeping over London and the article deprecates what is described as "architectural inanity."

Whilst I am in agreement with a great deal of the criticism of modern building, I am greatly opposed to the suggestion that a contributory cause is the inability of builders to get seasoned wood. It may well be that architects, builders and also the general public who desire new buildings to be put up are ignorant of the real value of timber for building, and insufficient care is taken to obtain suitably seasoned timber.

Very few users of timber take the trouble to ascertain the exact sizes that should be used, and so often greater sizes are employed than are necessary to carry the load which is imposed upon them. It would be far better if proper calculations were made and the money spent in buying better grades of timber, instead of using larger sizes of inferior grade.

The suggestion that the invention of plywood "has resulted in the impossibility of getting seasoned wood for building" is, of course, on the face of it ridiculous, for as a fact it is possible to obtain perfectly seasoned timber from reputable firms.

Beaconsfield. G. LANGLEY TAYLOR,
Chairman of the Timber Houses Sub-Committee of the Timber Development Association.

CHEKHOV AT THE WESTMINSTER

SIR,—A losing bout with a 'flu germ put me out of action over the week-end, but I hope it is not too late to argue a little with Mr. Desmond MacCarthy about *Uncle Vanya*.

I attended the first night at the Westminster under stimulating and, for anyone of my age, unusual circumstances. I had never previously seen the play, read the play, or heard a single word of discussion about this or any other production of it. Through this strange gap in my education I thus viewed the performance as a stage-play, and not as a venerable institution. This probably accounts for some of the differences between my impressions and those of the seasoned critic.

I find, for instance, that I ought not to have come away filled with enthusiasm for Mr. Cecil Trouncer's interpretation of Astrov. But I remain impenitent about this. His reading may not be true to tradition, but if it is not true both to human nature and to what Chekhov actually wrote, I will eat my hat. I do not know what the "orthodox" reading may be, but if one goes by the text of the play it is clear that Astrov is not a man who has "lost his soul and looks like it." He is that far more disconcerting figure—the man who has lost his driving-power and does *not* look like it. All the exterior apparatus of strength is still there—the bodily energy (he does not merely chatter about trees, he plants them); the infectious enthusiasm; the physical attraction which "gets" not merely Sonia but the unintellectual and unmaternal Elena; what is lost is the inner cohesion and sustained courage to defy circumstance. His tragi-comedy is that he still has his moments of believing in himself. At the end of the play he returns to his trees—under the comforting illusion that this time, perhaps, something will really come of it. *We* know that nothing ever will—and in his moments of self-knowledge, so does he. Incidentally, in the scene where Astrov shows the maps to Elena, Mr. Trouncer triumphantly succeeded in convincing me that here was a man genuinely in love with an idea—for the first time on any stage, by any actor, in any part whatsoever.

There are other points on which the "fresh mind" would like to break a lance with Mr. MacCarthy; but I believe that where he and I differ fundamentally is in our respective ideas of what the play is about. He thinks that in the final scene the reiteration of the words "they've gone" should affect us like a passing-bell, and that the laughter which greets them at the Westminster destroys the spirit of this drama of futility. That is, in spite of the end of the third act and other plain indications of the playwright's purpose, he insists on seeing the play as a tragedy. But the whole tragedy of futility is that it never succeeds in achieving tragedy. In its blackest moments it is inevitably doomed to the comic gesture. The sadder, the funnier; and conversely, in the long run, the funnier, the sadder. The English are at one with the Russians in their ability to understand and create this inextricable mingling of the tragic and the absurd, which is the base of Shakespeare's human (and box-office) appeal. Mr. MacCarthy warns us against the conceit of thinking of ourselves first as "English" in relation to foreigners; but on this particular point we English are far closer in feeling to the "foreign" Russian than (let us say) the Irishman can ever be to either of us.

The Detection Club, DOROTHY L. SAYERS
31 Garrard Street, W.1.

DIVORCE LAW

SIR,—As the law now stands everybody who wishes to be divorced is divorced. We hear a great deal of talk of people being chained in marriage to lunatics and criminals, but ways and means can be found even to release those in this unhappy predicament. Time should not be wasted in discussing these rare cases. Assuming that it is agreed that divorce shall not be too difficult to obtain, any discussion of what should be grounds for divorce seems purely academic, as a person wishing for a dissolution of his or her marriage merely has to be placed within the ambit of the prevailing rules. Why, then, should the people of Great Britain be so shocked when one mentions divorce by mutual consent? If both parties to a marriage are of the mind that it is impossible for them to continue to live together in the married state, they should be allowed to make a joint petition to the court for a divorce. There should be a long delay, say, six months or even a year before the dissolution decree is granted, during which time the court, assisted by a committee of persons of the same social standing as the petitioners, should make attempts at reconciliation and so on. Experimental legislation is the very best kind of legislation, and if divorce by consent caused any alarming increase in the number of divorces it could be stopped. Bills have passed both Houses of Parliament in one day through all their stages on many occasions—in fact, Edward VIII's Abdication Bill went through in this way. The more collusion there is in a divorce suit the better. A divorce which is required by both parties must be much sounder and fairer than one which is wanted only by one party. G. W. R. THOMSON

Law Society's Hall,
Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SPANISH AID

SIR,—In order to raise funds for Spanish Medical Aid, the International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture is organising a Book Exhibition and Auction at Foyle's Gallery, Charing Cross Road, on Saturday, March 20th, from 2.30 to 10 p.m.

Among many authors who have already promised manuscripts,

first editions and autographed copies of their works are W. H. Auden, Elizabeth Bowen, Walter de la Mare, E. M. Forster, Stephen Spender, J. B. S. Haldane, Margaret Kennedy, C. Day Lewis, Fos: Macaulay, Charles Morgan, Hugh Walpole, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, and Humbert Wolfe.

We ask any of your readers who would like to contribute manuscripts or books to send them to the Hon. Secretary, 54 Fitzroy Road, London, N.W.1. We should like to make a special appeal to publishers for first editions.

There will also be the following second-hand stalls—Detective Stories, Children's Books, Popular Science, etc. We should be grateful to receive lists from those who would be willing to contribute such things, but *not* the books until further notice.

International Association of Writers
for the Defence of Culture,
Romney's House,
Hollybush Hill, London, N.W.3.

For the Committee,
AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

SLANG

SIR,—This is not to carp at Mr. David Garnett's very generous review of *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, but to counteract several possible misapprehensions and to correct one error. Though I lived, on and off, some ten years in Australia, served four years in the Australian Forces, and was for two years or so an Australian citizen, I am not an Australian: I was born in New Zealand, where I lived for almost fourteen years; since 1921 I have been a citizen of this country—Oxford, Manchester and, since 1926, London.

Mr. Garnett rightly takes me to task for omitting four aviation slang terms; I regret their omission, but wish to mention that there must be some 150–200 flying-slang entries. *Gorming* is dialect; so, too, I think, is *tansy*. The *what cheer!* omission is unforgivable: if only for this reason, a second edition is desirable. I am glad to learn the origin of *Twyford*.

Mr. Garnett, I am sorry to hear, considers me weak on the etymological side; but colloquialisms usually follow obviously from Standard English; catch-phrases are usually impenetrable. Where I did not succeed in discovering an origin or where to mention it seemed gratuitous, I thought it better to say nothing. I admit, however, that I may have carried this reticence too far.

ERIC PARTRIDGE

SIR,—"Gorm" is not slang, but dialect. It is found—either "gawm" or "gorm"—in the sense Mr. Garnett gives in a great many English counties. Blake's "tansy" is more mysterious. Tansy is a well-known dialect word, but it is the name of a herb: though according to Wright, is also used for the corn-marigold in Gloucestershire. Possibly tansy in Blake's use is a euphemism.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MUSIC AND PAINTING

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Turner says he has no intention of setting up for an art critic. This assurance, however, hardly excuses the tone of his comment on Augustus John last Friday. It was not a critical comment at all, but simply a frivolous discourtesy. Nobody of sensitive taste could speak of "Sargent and John" as if they were painters of equal insipidity. Sargent was not much better than a vivacious photographer; John is one of the most exquisite draughtsmen that have ever lived. Yet Mr. Turner probably thinks that he is giving evidence of superfine taste when he belittles them together. Can anybody be blind to the difference between Sargent's empty sketching and John's drawing; between the Wertheimer portraits and "Mme. Suggia?"

The truth seems to be that Mr. Turner has little understanding of drawing, though it is one of the elements of noble art, whether of the East or the West, whether of to-day or a thousand years ago. Some time ago he spoke of Rubens as vulgar, in order to show how great an artist Rembrandt was (in order to show how vulgar Wagner was!). Rubens' drawing is enchanting and his design is superb. But the essayist turned art critic is always arrogant; whether he be Clutton Brock writing of the deplorable professionalism of Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment*; Mr. Herbert Read acting the schoolmaster to Velasquez; Ruskin discovering all the elements of the greatest art in *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner*; or Walter Pater groping about in a dim green tank for the secrets of Leonardo, and coming up with his hands full of slippery verbiage.

PETER G. GREENHAM

16 Court Lane Gardens, S.E.21.

PROFESSOR GROPIUS

SIR,—Professor Walter Gropius, who has been living and working in England during the past three years, has been appointed Professor of Architecture at Harvard University.

A number of Gropius's friends and admirers in England are organising a dinner to express appreciation of his services to modern architecture. It is to be held at the Trocadero Restaurant on March 9th; the cost will be 25s., including wine. Professor Julian Huxley will be in the chair. Those who are interested are invited to write to me at 66 Portland Place, W.1.

EDWARD CARTER,
Librarian Editor

THE OXFORD ELECTION

[We have received several letters from supporters of Sir Arthur Salter asking us to remind Oxford University electors that if they have not already voted they may still be in time. Ballot papers must reach the University Registry before 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, February 27th.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

"THE MISANTHROPE"

REMEMBERING Mr. Eliot's celebrated dictum about *Hamlet*, one might say that *The Misanthrope* is not Molière's "most assured artistic success," but it is his most "interesting" play. It tolerates various interpretations, and in every succeeding generation the reader, and the producer, can decide differently how much sympathy is owed to Alceste, how much disapproval to Célimène. Thus the romantic movement made misanthropy fashionable; the war and its consequences have made it inevitable; to readers of Joyce, Céline and "Our Correspondent in Berlin," Alceste's railings appear positively gentle and obviously justified. But Molière was writing in the heyday of Lewis the Fourteenth, before the reign had been darkened by the piety of Mme. de Maintenon and a succession of royal deaths and military defeats. To a Court active in the conscious polishing of its manners (and incidentally in avoiding the duels caused by a surfeit of frankness), rudeness was the most frowned upon of faults. "Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire." The ladies at Versailles, and the King himself, would applaud Célimène's refusal to bury herself in the country, far from the sunlight of the royal presence. Alceste, it is therefore urged, was intended to be a merely comic figure, a bilious and excessive man, blind to the plain truth that a little insincerity is required in all human relationships.

Very possibly this is how Molière first conceived *The Misanthrope*. But in actually writing the play he seems to have been deflected by his personal emotions, and to have put into Alceste more of himself than was proper to "an assured artistic success." He was married to a wife much younger than himself, with whom he was desperately in love, and of whom he was, with good reason, desperately jealous. (During the first production of the play, in which he played Alceste, and she Célimène, they are said to have been living apart and not on speaking terms.) She was in fact a bitch, and he knew it, and still could not help being in love with her.

> J'ai beau voir ces défauts et j'ai beau l'en blamer,
> En dépit qu'on en ait, elle se fait aimer.

The tragic intensity with which Molière presents this situation shatters the comic mirror, and Alceste becomes (notably in the Fourth Act) a suffering man who, whether in the seventeenth or twentieth century, can excite only pity. In other plays by Molière, especially *L'Avare*, the comedy (as in Ben Jonson) almost soars into tragedy, and Molière, who fancied himself in tragic parts but had no success in them, no doubt wrote with an eye on the acting possibilities for himself. But it is only *The Misanthrope* which is flawed, and made so fascinating, by an inconsistency due—how can one doubt it?—to direct personal emotion.

The production from the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, has been brought for a fortnight to the Ambassadors Theatre, and must not be missed. Mrs. Duncan-Jones's translation into rhymed couplets is amazingly ingenious: the language, like Molière's, remains easy and colloquial. But I am not convinced that prose would not be more felicitous. We are unused to rhymed drama in English; we cannot help waiting for the rhyme, when we should be concentrated on the sense, and therefore we do not laugh as freely as we should. Sometimes the effect is too much as if Pope was being read aloud: the wit of the play is exhibited at the expense of its humour. Mr. Francis James gives a remarkably good performance: he emphasises the dignity, single-mindedness and pitifulness of Alceste—if the part is to be played on these lines, it could hardly be played better. Mme. Lopokova's Célimène is even less traditional: nothing here of the hard, brilliant, experienced woman of fashion, but a fascinating girl, so delighted with her own conquests that she cannot bear to surrender any of them. (The text indicates that Célimène, though a widow, is only twenty years old.) Instead of a levelheaded and heartless coquette, we have a young thing who hardly realises that hearts can be broken, who feels herself in love with whoever happens to be at her side, and who is pathetically puzzled and distressed when called upon to choose, like a child asked to throw away all but one of her toys. Her scene with Alceste in the Fourth Act was superlatively good; her tenderness was none the less sincere, one felt, for being momentary, and one understood that no man, however misanthropic, could resist the melting tones of this delicious creature. Mme. Lopokova's voice has improved enormously, both in power and variety, but the particular power of her acting must always be in the flash of her eyes, the poise of her elbows, the carriage of her head. Her whole body talks, and how happy we are to listen! Miss Rosalind Atkinson as Arsinoe, Mr. Hedley Briggs as Oronte, Mr. Holland Bennett as Philinte, and the supporting cast, were all excellent. Mr. Robert Atkins has produced the play with his usual tact, making no attempt to extract from his actors the *bravura* of declamation or the rhetoric of gesture which the French bring to performances of Molière. The Derain costumes and scenery are at once unobtrusive and prodigiously beautiful.

The comedy is preceded by a ballet, *Harlequin in the Street*, designed by Mr. Frederic Ashton to music by Couperin arranged by Mr. Constant Lambert. This is a good-humoured trifle, in which Mr. Alan Carter dances brilliantly, but it does not represent Mr. Ashton at anything like the top of his form. The decor, again by Derain, is its most distinguished feature.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RECENT CONCERTS

WE have had a number of interesting juxtapositions of musical compositions in the concert hall recently which lead me to draw certain conclusions which, while they certainly will not be popular in some quarters, have whatever interest attaches to independent individual opinions.

First, we had the two items of Mr. Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* and Mozart's C minor Mass in the programme of the eighth concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society under Dr. Malcolm Sargent. This was a most unskilful combination. Mozart's C minor Mass, in spite of the fact that it was never finished by the composer but has been completed by the addition of sections from other church music by Mozart in G. A. Schmidt's edition, is a great work, but also a work that requires great singers, especially a soprano who can sing the *Et Incarnatus* with the requisite beauty of voice and plenitude of technical virtuosity which are required before the average musical mind can appreciate that this aria for all its so-called "bravura" is as genuinely religious as any other part of the Mass. It is a sign of obtuse inconsistency to be able to accept one day the pregnant story of the Juggler whose offering to the Virgin Mary of his own conjuring tricks proved as acceptable to her—though not to the pedantic priests of her Church—as all the other offerings of the devout and yet not to understand how Mozart (and many other composers of Masses) could write florid arias for singers! It is to be incapable of realising—which is not surprising in these days of irreligion and pedantry—that the display of a wonderful natural voice and a hardly won virtuosity were in Mozart's days offered sincerely to God.

However, one could devote a volume to refuting the canting nonsense written in depreciation of Mozart's, Verdi's, and even Beethoven's church music as too "operatic." It is a marvellous escape for those without musical instinct or judgment to trail this red-herring across the listener's line of hearing. What nobody has said respective of this concert was that the deafening noise made by Mr. Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* and the sustained roaring of the choir so stunned one's aural nerves that it was impossible to hear the C minor Mass with any pleasure, even after the interval.

I am a great admirer of Mr. William Walton. His Viola Concerto made a very strong and favourable impression on me, and his Symphony also makes clear that he is very talented. But the oftener I hear *Belshazzar's Feast* the more certain I become that it is his least successful, though most popular, work, and one which, though it may delight those to whom mere noise is a wonderful stimulant, will not give equal pleasure to those who ask for something more. What chiefly disturbs one in this work is its insensitiveness, and that is a serious defect.

I must, however, congratulate the Huddersfield Choir on their performance and on the fact that they were capable of singing at all in the Mass that followed. I don't know what the nameless choir was at the Courtauld-Sargent concert the previous Monday in the Beethoven Mass in D, but it was distinctly inferior to the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Beethoven performance cannot be said to have been a satisfactory one.

The B.B.C. concert conducted by Sir Adrian Boult had, on the contrary, an extremely well-chosen programme consisting of a Purcell Chaconne from *King Arthur*, Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 6, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto in D, and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. It is, at first sight, an extraordinary thing that this programme suited Sir Adrian Boult perfectly. One might not think it on a superficial judgment, but the fact is that Sir Adrian is the ideal English conductor for such music. Why? Because the one gift which the fairies denied him at birth is not required either for Prokofiev or Stravinsky or for Bax. This distinguished English conductor, who by temperament would make the finest diplomat the Foreign Office could ever wish for, has a clarity of mind, a patience and a musical discipline which are just what is needed for such a work, for example, as Stravinsky's *Sacre*. I have never heard so musically clear and convincing a performance of *Le Sacre* and the Prokofiev Concerto was done in an equally lucid and masterly way. Incidentally, the soloist, Joseph Szigeti, must be congratulated for his superb playing—unfaltering, rhythmically and faultless in intonation.

As for this Violin Concerto by Prokofiev, it confirms me, on this rehearsing, that Prokofiev is the most gifted Russian composer since Stravinsky. But my colleagues do not seem to appreciate this Concerto which, to my mind, is a piece of faultless musical logic. If I were asked to point to a living composer who had an extraordinary sense of musical design I would point to Prokofiev. There is an amazing brevity and conciseness in his musical compositions which truly amounts to wit. If one wishes to know how wit and humour—apart from their dramatic expression—can enter into music one need only hear this Violin Concerto which in its extravagant and logical fantasy can best be compared with one of Mark Twain's inimitable short stories. Of course, Prokofiev is a composer for pure musicians, not for dramatists, poets or painters. There is no scene-painting, no colour, no caressing, no swooning in his music, only a clear bright fantastic pattern of tones, but this pattern is not a mere sound arabesque or

aural decoration, it is an expression of witty musical ideas co-ordinated into a musical scheme which bears the same relation to, say, Beethoven's symphonies as Voltaire's *Candide* does to Shakespeare's tragedies.

Stravinsky is quite another thing. His *Sacre* is far superior in my opinion to *Petrouchka*, which is a thing of threads and patches. It has the passionate violent desperation of the best of T. S. Eliot's poetry, but with a more elemental force.

W. J. TURNER

EDWARD GARNETT

EDWARD GARNETT died suddenly at the end of last week, in his seventieth year. He should be commemorated here as an occasional contributor in his later days, and in earlier years as a regular and influential critic in the columns of *The Nation*. But he should be remembered also as a unique personality in the literary life of England during at least two generations, and as a man with an exacting but singularly charming and animating faculty for friendship. It was paradoxical that Garnett should know so much about the art of writing, and should himself write so little and with such difficulty. It was paradoxical that he should be so little known to the general public while the men whom he discovered and fostered and advised should become accepted, and even popular, masters. It was paradoxical that, under a cumbrous and even crabbed exterior, he should have such grace of mind and sly kindliness, and such a store of self-effacing patience. But the very fact of such paradoxes in Garnett's character made him the more attractive to those who knew him. The blend was curious and impressive. T. E. Lawrence was right when he told a young friend: "You should get to know E. G. He's a good vintage."

This is not the moment to attempt a reasoned estimate of Edward Garnett's critical writings, or of the exact influence he had on the many writers who came within his orbit during forty or fifty years. In a collection of papers published sixteen years ago under the title *Friday Nights* he preserved much that was well worth preserving. And three volumes of letters received from three of his closest friends, Conrad, Hudson and Galsworthy, give some idea of his formative influence on men who had in ample measure the directly creative power which he himself lacked. In the preface to *Friday Nights* he sketched one side of his professional life, when he wrote:

> The work of a publisher's reader cultivates his sense of irony. He sees so many writers start, so many men of promise never arrive, perhaps for lack of encouragement. He witnesses the daily triumphs of the mediocrities, hailed everywhere by the mediocre, the success of the adroit shallow talents quickly staled by the years. He watches the literary cliques at work, each loyally championing its members. He notes with a smile the pressmen rushing to acclaim the work of a writer suddenly grown popular, whose finest effort, ten years back, was greeted with chilling or patronising nods. He sees also the force or fire of the finest craftsmen finally prevail, and the day of other fine talents dawning. The publisher's reader knows what literary success signifies: he has no need to cultivate his sense of irony.

Yet it was characteristic that he should stress the ironic side of his temper, and not so much as hint at that generous eagerness for a new talent which animated him in his work to, literally, the last days of his life. At a time when newspaper notices have stressed his influence on famous writers of the Edwardian generation, it should not be overlooked that there are younger men, English and Irish, not yet of that stature, to whom Garnett has given as much as a difference in age allowed him to give.

It would be impertinent in me to attempt a portrait of Edward Garnett: I had known him only during the last eight or nine years. But an association in publishing during that time gave me unusual opportunities of observing his mind at work, and of enjoying his friendship, and sometimes, too (for he was sparing of these), his confidences. He was, frankly, rather an old bear, with gruff, alarming ways; and his tongue had on occasion a disconcerting, Johnsonian roughness. But he was more lovable than most "difficult" men, because of a kind of inner integrity which one felt, tested, and respected. Garnett had some surprising blind spots in his sensibility: there were many harmless urbanities of thought and custom towards which he seemed wilfully blind or resentful. Yet he had a deep and full appreciation of the fundamental social virtues—good talk, good fare, good wine, old books and old friends. He was instinctively an "agin'-the-government" man, and lost no chance of a pot-shot against the established order in Church or State. But he bristled ferociously against Communism and Fascism alike, a Tory-Radical if ever there were one. I remember that at luncheon with him two days before he died, a friend told Garnett humorously of an American visitor who had rather ingenuously summed him up as "a fine old English gentleman." Garnett leaned back, laughing silently as he used to. He rumpled his mat of thick white hair, and brought his hand sharply on to the table, and asked us, "Well, and if I'm not that—what the devil am I?"

Others can tell better than I of his love for the English countryside. There were few places in the Southern counties which one could name without his responding with information about the footpaths or woods. All this was a key to his real being, and no less to his literary perception. For although he responded to new currents of ideas or expression he was always conscious of enduring things and the strength of unchanging tradition. He linked life with literature more fully than he always showed. And in fighting against cheapened standards in taste he was indefatigable. I remember once how a young friend of his, of whom he was very fond, rashly insisted that a certain manuscript was not sufficiently "popular" in appeal. It cannot have been a new point of view to so hardened an expert. But suddenly his eyes glared behind those thick glasses, and the tufted eyebrows bristled. "My young friend," he slowly growled, "always remember that there is still, in this country, *a residuum of educated folk*." And that "residuum" should not soon forget Edward Garnett.

HAMISH MILES

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Wise To-morrow," at the Lyric

Despite a rather feeble attempt to camouflage the situation by a good many references to "possessiveness" and conversation to the effect that the old star wished to live her triumphs over again in the life of a young actress, this piece begins and ends as a play about Lesbianism. Had the author considerably more sensibility than his treatment of dialogue leads us to believe, the situation might have been handled with a real sense of the tragedy of Diana Ebury. But the uncertainty of his apprehension of his effects only emphasises the unpleasantness of the relationship, and as it is apparent that he does not intend his treatment to be humorous—and indeed to treat such a subject humorously would be extremely unfitting in any circumstance—the result is only embarrassing. Fortunately there is a pleasant little interlude in the shape of a minor love affair between a painter, brilliantly played by Mr. Naunton Wayne, and the sister of the young actress (Miss Nora Swinburne), and with this to carry us on and some minor amusement by Mr. Archibald Batty and Miss Emma Trechman, we can forget for a time the sultriness of the rest of the play. That brilliant actress Miss Martita Hunt has an almost impossible part as Diana Ebury, the star of the past, and it says everything for her abilities that no one laughs when she is describing the beauties of her protégée's hands. The only possible way of getting over the unpleasant treatment of the subject would have been to make Diana Ebury extremely old, but this would have meant the deletion of her mannish secretary (Miss Olga Lindo), by whom the author obviously sets great store. As the poor fly in the spider's web, Miss Diana Churchill gave as charming a performance as some particularly ugly clothes allowed her, but Mr. Aubrey Hammond has obviously no idea about what flats in mews are like. Pont Street, yes, but a converted garage, never.

"Crack Up," at the Tivoli (from Sunday)

The American Cinema, in its rigid system of casting to type, has produced characters as formalised as the Captain Furiosos or the Leporellos of the Italian comedy. While this makes things far easier for audiences who are not willing or perhaps able to make the emotional orientations in their attitudes towards actors, it is likely to be a heavy burden to any actor who wants to play more than one part with variations. We are not likely to see Mr. Fred MacMurray as a neurotic, and Mr. Peter Lorre is condemned to walk the Sound Stages, eccentric, nearly mad, dangerously sane, fanatical and sensitive as he gives an uncomprehending world the soft answer that contains a menace. *Crack Up* shows Mr. Lorre as a spy in America for the bomber-plan season. Opposed to him in the plan business, his handsome brutal face contrasting (as his materialist outlook with the others idealistic patriotism) with Lorre's moon-round face and curly mouth, is Mr. Brian Donlevy. In the matter of villainy, Mr. Donlevy is as fixed as Mr. Lorre in his abnormality. Mr. Alfred Hitchcock gave Mr. Lorre his first English speaking part—in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and the makers of this film have seen to it that it contains more than a memory of the Hitchcock manner. There is the avoidance of awkward details, the emphasis on telling touches, suspense, and, in the end, an ending which however necessary it may be for the arbitrary purposes of a film seems oddly futile from a human point of view. Apart from this, though, *Crack Up* is a good thriller.

The Film Society: "We from Kronstadt"

We From Kronstadt and *The New Gulliver* enjoyed great popularity with audiences abroad last year and were hailed by critics as outstanding films of 1936. It is left to the Film Society to bring these interesting strips of celluloid to London. Yet both pictures are worth seeing as films, and would entertain a wider public. In Russian hands Swift's satire which became a children's fairy-tale, reversing the process, has become a satire once more, but now monumental and childish. Satire with puppets seems too easy, and the long rigmarole of their naughtiness recorded in animated photography too clever by half—a tremendous achievement, peculiar and boring, which would delight King Kong fans. *We From Kronstadt* is the first great Russian film since the good old days of the great Russian films, though it takes one back more to *All Quiet on the Western Front* than to *Potemkin*. It is a rattling good action film, an exquisitely photographed Wild Eastern in a grand setting—the barren Baltic coast, the dogs of war unleashed, the Cossacks who spin round twice when shot in the belly, the Red sailors who crumple or fight on, singing, until captured and flung from a cliff to drown. As the picture follows the course of a chapter of history, it is episodic. The lust of battle is in this film; it glistens on the puckered forehead, the quizzical mouth, of your active modern philosopher *par excellence*—the machine-gunner; it gleams in the eye of the camera surveying desolation, shell-bursts, distant little blobs trotting forward to the attack, long slopes swept by withering fire, a jack-knife when the last leap comes, death, triumph. In the excitement of photographing all this so well, propaganda of the heavier sort has been crowded out of a sufficiently thrilling picture.

Thomas Carr, Victor Pasmore and Claude Rogers, at the Storran Gallery

A certain similarity of aim gives this exhibition an air of unity. The front is united, and, if nice colours and intelligent handling count for anything, it should be popular too. Here are a group of young painters who have saved a fragment of objective vision from the wreckage of Impressionism, and who, in a welter of opposing mannerisms, are striving to become what Constable called "natural painters." At first sight it appears that Bonnard is the main influence at work here—more so perhaps in Mr. Rogers than in the others. Manet and Sickert have each a share in the formation of Mr. Pasmore's style. And though his influence is a little blurred by a personal romanticism, Degas is Mr. Carr's master. But this is not to say that the exhibition is merely of eclecticism. In Mr. Rogers' outdoor scenes there is a reminder ever so slight, of what Gilman and Spencer Gore did for English painting. Mr. Rogers' pictures of preparatory school life are attractive too—and a completely new sketching ground. Mr. Pasmore is at his best in his small restrained picture of a maid washing a floor. Mr. Carr shows none of the landscapes one expects from him, but he has carried an atmospheric quality into his domestic subjects. It is pleasant to painters still engaged in celebrating their middle-class origins and milieu, and one is happy to note that this exhibition is a gesture, a protest however unconsidered and involuntary against the aggression of the so-called functionalism that would encircle painting and sparking plugs alike in its cold and humourless grasp.

* * *

We regret that, in the notice of *The Rodd to Ruin*, the admirable rendering of Goldfinch was wrongly attributed. The part was played by Mr. Sydney Bromley.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 26th—

Practical Education for World Citizenship. Viscountess Gladstone, Sir Norman Angell and others on "Training for What?" London School of Economics, 8.30.

"The Ascent of F.6," Mercury Theatre.

SATURDAY, February 27th—

Workers' Educational Association Saturday School. Harold Clay on "Trade Unionism To-day and To-morrow," 3, and Mrs. Hubback on "The Challenge to Democracy," 6, Morley College, Westminster Bridge Road. (Tickets, including tea, 1s.)

SUNDAY, February 28th—

Prof. T. H. Pear on "The Study of Personal Relationships," Conway Hall, 11.

Demonstration to Protest against Government's Rearmament Plans. Speeches by George Lansbury, Laurence Housman, Canon Morris, Canon Sheppard and others, Hyde Park, 3-5.

Left Theatre Revue, Collins' Music Hall, Islington Green, 6.20 and 8.45. (Tickets obtainable from Left Theatre, 12 Little Newport Street.)

S.C.R. Recital of Pushkin Songs by Mme. Oda Slobodskaya. Readings of Poems by Gerrard Shelley and Mia Kagan, Suffolk Galleries, 8.30 for 9. (Tickets 3s.).

"Much Ado About Nothing," The Ring, Blackfriars.

MONDAY, March 1st—

Friends of the Soviet Union. F. Le Gros Clark on "National Fitness and Health Services: Britain and the Soviet Union Compared," Co-operative Hall, 82 Cornwall Road, W.11, 8.15.

"The Story of Louis Pasteur," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, March 2nd—

Agatha Harrison on "The All India Women's Conference and the Congress Meetings at Faizpur," Friends House, Euston Rd., 1.20.

Arnold Goldsbrough Concert, Queen Mary Hall, Great Russell Street, 8.30. (Tickets 5s. and 3s.)

WEDNESDAY, March 3rd—

British Commonwealth League. Miss Picton Turbervill on "The Report of the Mui T'Sai Commission," Queen Mary Hall, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell Street, 5.15. (Admission 1s.)

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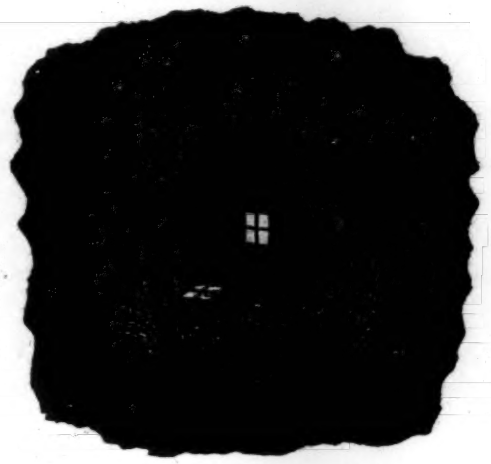

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN I wrote about Ralph Fox's *Novel and the People* the other week I had a feeling that he had been handicapped in writing it, just as I was in reading it, by not knowing what a proletarian novel was, or would be. The phrase did not mean novels written by people of working-class origin—since, as I pointed out, the best of such writers was excluded; nor could it merely mean "designed to forward a social revolution," since in that case Shaw and Galsworthy would qualify as proletarians. Nor can it mean the literature that, if there should ever be such a revolution, might afterwards come into existence, since that, if it ever has the opportunity of existing, will no doubt treat the evils of Capitalism as a romantic background, as full of colour as the society of the Borgias seems to us to-day. My speculations as to the nature of proletarian art are because I have just read a really vivid description of the lives of a very poor family, and am left wondering whether it will qualify as "proletarian," or whether in the absence of explicit propaganda it will be branded as bourgeois. If the Left-wing revolutionary writers turn up their noses at it, it will be illuminating, as *The Brittlesnaps*, by Edward A. Hibbitt (Duckworth, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the kind of novel they ought to be writing, if they know enough about poverty, instead of organising a questionnaire asking people like myself whether we should have written better if we had lived in Ancient Athens! *The Brittlesnaps* is written on the structural model introduced by Mrs. Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway*—what I may describe as the plan of parallel narratives, in which the separate threads, far from interwoven in the orthodox manner, are skilfully kept apart. This device of telling two or three stories in alternating chapters, except in the hands of a great artist, may become more like a game of cribbage than a single work of art. First the author moves one peg up three holes and then the next one seven. Usually one peg is marked out from the start as the winner and is given more than its fair share of moves. Fortunately, Mr. Hibbitt spares us Aldous Huxley's time-jumble, and simple-minded readers can just say to themselves that *The Brittlesnaps* is a volume of admirable short stories all of which one has to begin reading before any one of them is finished, because they are conceived of as occurring simultaneously in close proximity to each other. Mr. Hibbitt has adopted the method because he wishes to give a realistic picture of life in a big town, where people live cheek by jowl, passing and repassing each other in the street without knowing each other even by sight. He has to a great extent succeeded—but one is left wondering whether the jerkiness and loss of unity involved should not at once be reported to the International Society for the Defence of Culture so that it may give Ancient Athens a good mark at the expense of Manchester and Birmingham.

* * *

The important peg on the cribbage board is that representing the Brittlesnaps themselves, a family in which the father, an engineer, has been out of work for several years. The two sons live at home and every penny they contribute counts. Harry is a plumber with a safe job; Herbert, more brilliant and unstable, a clerk who gets the sack since his firm is losing money. Each has his girl, but it seems that there is no prospect for either of marriage, until Harry eventually breaks violently away from home and does marry, which, of course, is much the best thing he can do. The family life of the Brittlesnaps is most brilliantly and accurately described. Like the few working-class English families I have known really well, the Brittlesnaps are essentially *petit bourgeois*. They care intensely about their respectability and their status. Their sufferings are not merely poor and insufficient food, frayed suits, and all the miserable worrying, day in and day out, that poverty brings with it, but the bitter blow to their pride of admitting that they are failures. The only violent quarrel between the father and the mother is over selling a neighbour the piano, a useless idol, of enormous importance to Mr. Brittlesnap, who needs every possible support to prop up his self-respect, crumbling after five years of uselessness. The senseless quarrel, springing from the necessity to sacrifice pride, or bread, when they have so little chance of either, is farcically punctured by their neighbour's decision to buy a new piano on hire purchase. For the moment the idol and the self-respect remain—and so does the problem of the next meal and of Herbert's new suit. Some of my readers may imagine that such a book would be depressing and that one would want to escape from a world where every penny has to be counted and where it is worth a weary trudge through the wet streets to buy one's cod steak for sixpence instead of sevenpence a pound. That is not so in the least. Mr. Hibbitt is a real writer and he makes their privations and disappointments and humiliations, and their successes—for both Dad and Herbert get work again—as exciting as the adventures of people who have been shipwrecked on a desert island, and have to live on limpets while they scan the horizon for a passing sail. And that is exactly what has happened to them: they have been wrecked, and given just enough to keep them alive, in the midst of the familiar streets. The motor cars full of meat and wine and food, and of rich, happy people, flash by them—but it no more occurs to any of the Brittlesnaps to turn to such obvious sources for help, than it would to Robinson Crusoe to hail a porpoise and demand a free passage to England on its back. Dad, and, of course, Harry, are members of their unions; Dad treasures his card, which may one day save him with a job, but when one of them breaks out with a mildly communistic remark the others are scandalised and reprove him as though he had been guilty of blasphemy. Their whole philosophy is based on self-help, thrift, and self-improvement: when they are shipwrecked, they need the support of their individualistic philosophy more than ever—their distress does not suggest to them that their whole outlook is wrong. Their need makes them cling to respectability more strongly since it is all they have got. *The Brittlesnaps* is a piece of reporting done, I should think, from the life and so well told that one identifies oneself with the characters and knows them perfectly. There are three other subsidiary, parallel stories in the book. One is of a money-grubber who starts by selling correspondence courses and betters himself by getting money from a girl to finance a new furniture cream, one is of a young man who, overcoming a shy repugnance, forces himself to marry. One is of a young man who gets his girl into trouble and brings her home, knowing that he can trust his parents to behave decently. There is no sentimentality in these stories, though there is one passage which, to me, seems quite untrue, the only serious flaw in a book which I have much enjoyed and most thoroughly recommend. The flaw, by the way, is when the money-grubber is asked by his wife whether he loves her and says no, that his bringing up has unfitted him to love anyone but himself. It would, however, also have unfitted him for such detached self-analysis, which is a luxury he would not appreciate.

* * *

I have been absolutely enthralled by reading a little book called *A Guide to the Classics*, by Guy Griffith and Michael Oakeshott (Faber, 3*s.* 6*d.*), which was published last year, with the sub-title: *or How to Pick the Derby Winner*. I hope, if too many readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION do not study it successfully, to make my fortune next June and retire from journalism. It is a perfectly serious treatment of a difficult problem over which millions of people puzzle their brains every year, though it will luckily not be read by one in a hundred thousand who lay money on the race. For the authors undoubtedly do show how any careful student can reduce his choice from a field of about thirty to half-a-dozen horses. Whether their final method of selecting the actual winner from this half-dozen depends on rational deduction, or on something more like poetic inspiration, is more doubtful.

DAVID GARNETT

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THREE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Angry Dust. By NIKOLAI GUBSKY. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Swinnerton. By FRANK SWINNERTON. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Midnight on the Desert. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gubsky is bold; Mr. Swinnerton bland; Mr. Priestley discursive. All three are unusually accomplished writers: but, though each describes his book as an autobiography, only one—Mr. Nikolai Gubsky—has attempted to give us a portrait of himself. And the portrait that he draws is remarkably interesting. It is a commonplace that, in order to interest others, we ourselves must feel the interest we hope to convey; and, since human beings are interested, first and foremost, in their own experiences and sensations, autobiography is a form of literature in which it should be very difficult to go wrong. Yet how hard it often proves to tell the truth! How much sophistication—or how much simplicity—it needs to produce a rendering of our personal experiences which, if not accurate, is, at all events, consistent! How much cleverness it demands, when we embark on inventing stories, to ensure that they are at least in harmony with the general character we have previously built up! To put the distinction at its simplest—one has no doubt that Benvenuto Cellini told a great many lies; but those lies are an extension of—an intelligent deduction from—the more or less truthful narrative that he has already unfolded. Isadora Duncan, on the other hand, though she may perhaps have remained scrupulously accurate from start to finish, never escapes a suspicion of romantic make-believe: her whole life story is unconvincing and a little stagey. She is lost in the half-world of dreams and reveries: she pursues an illusory self, but makes no attempt to approach the mirror.

Mr. Gubsky strikes one as honest and downright; and, in the fascinating but exquisitely difficult task of conveying through words the quality of an individual life, he has the advantage of an exceedingly dramatic contrast. Brought up in prosperous surroundings, educated at an aristocratic Russian school, he found himself, in early middle age, stranded in a foreign country, obliged to patch together a makeshift existence at an unfamiliar and uncomfortable financial level. The latter sections of his book are the more absorbing His account of St. Petersburg before the revolution—of northern "white nights"—of the Russian navy—of certain tumultuous love affairs that might have come straight out of Tchehov—is well worth reading; but it is the kind of material furnished by other books; whereas the picture of his efforts to earn a living in Newcastle is the saddest, and far the most sympathetic, study of White Russian exile that I have yet seen. Here is none of that pseudo-Romantic nonsense with which the average White Russian embellishes his transplantation to a strange land. Mr. Gubsky does not enlarge on his opulent past. He realises that the Russian Empire of his youth was ramshackle, corrupt, hopelessly inefficient; and, if he has ever regretted the old life, it is because that life, with all its shortcomings, guaranteed him some kind of decent livelihood and did not condemn him to add up figures, check invoices or lick envelopes at a salary of two or three pounds a week.

To-day, Mr. Gubsky is himself a Communist but, like many intellectual Communists, one who feels that residence in Moscow or Leningrad might impair the vigour and vividness of his political faith. He was lucky enough to escape the revolution and civil war; for, at that period, he was in London with a Russian governmental mission; and, when the mission was dissolved, he took a job as Russian Consul-General at Newcastle and (when the Consulate itself had disappeared) as office-worker with various Newcastle firms. Meanwhile, he had to support a wife and young children; and there is an admirable reserve and dignity in his narrative of ten arduous years that must have been characterised by almost uninterrupted misery and nervous strain. He was poor: he was harassed: he found it necessary to earn his living by tedious and unsympathetic work. But, thanks to some fund of inner stoicism, he managed to struggle through, learned English, till he could speak and write it with perfect fluency, and started to publish a series of English novels. *Foreign Bodies*—his third novel—was reviewed and praised in these columns when it appeared; and it is discouraging to hear of Mr. Gubsky's earlier books—the result of grinding labour and incessant revision—that none of them sold more than a meagre eight hundred copies. It is a pity, though, that he should let fly at the stupid novel-reviewers who, hurried and slipshod though they may sometimes be, are, as a rule, almost pathetically anxious to discover books that seem to be the product of a really adult mind, of which it is possible to write in a spirit of serious criticism.

Angry Dust is naive, straightforward, honest, and easily, if not always very gracefully, written. It is an absorbing book; and, behind the narrative, we are aware of a well-equipped intelligence, bent on coming to terms with the contemporary world. *Swinnerton*, by comparison, seems faintly feline. One is always suspicious of the potential suicide—of the man or woman who speaks of his or her future as a rapid descent towards extinction: but one is equally suspicious of the individual who talks of happiness as though happiness could be bought as simply as a railway ticket, and were the natural reward of industry and common sense. "I have had an extraordinarily interesting, happy, lucky life," writes Mr. Swinnerton at the end of his first chapter; and, starting off from this optimistic standpoint, he proceeds to demonstrate that the truth may be both pure and simple—that (as the late Sir Edmund Gosse once observed, blinking wickedly through particoloured spectacles), "You can't keep a good man down!" Certainly, there has been no repressing Mr. Swinnerton. He passes quickly over the wretchedness of an impoverished boyhood, and moves on, smoothly and pleasantly, to the tale of his gradual—but not too gradual—rise from a Fleet Street office to an important publishing house, from Dent's to an influential post with Messrs. Chatto and Windus: whence he ascended to decorate the upper ranks of contemporary literature.

Such optimism makes highbrow grumblings seem absurdly gratuitous. So picturesque are the majority of modern publishers—so engaging the general run of contemporary novelists, from Mr. Hugh Walpole, robust, rosy, good-tempered, to Mr. Aldous Huxley, who, when asked why he affected wide-brimmed cowboy hats, replied: "Because if I don't I look microcephalous." Altogether, *Swinnerton* is a nice, smooth-flavoured, readable, if not tremendously exciting, volume. But it is *not* an autobiography in the stricter sense; nor, for that matter, is Mr. J. B. Priestley's "Chapter of Autobiography," which he entitles *Midnight on the Desert*. Every novelist deserves occasional relaxation; and Mr. Priestley (who, after all, is a commendably hard-working writer) here sits back and discourses on numerous aspects of contemporary American life as he has observed them during his travels in the United States. The narrative begins with Mr. Priestley, in Arizona, trying to make up his mind to burn a considerable slice of a nearly completed novel. While he hesitates, all sorts of reflections flit through his mind. He remembers that he has been badly treated by English critics:

> Time after time, I have seen myself described as an astute, supremely observant, hard fellow, shrewd and pugnacious, smashing his way into best-seller lists. . . . All this seems to me so ludicrously false that I cannot be angry about it. I have as much self-knowledge as the next man, and probably more than most, and I am ready to declare under oath that I am not very astute nor very observant, am inclined to be timid, irresolute, melancholy, am easily influenced and frequently humbugged, and have neither the enterprise nor the determination to be a hard careerist.

He classifies the various types of Communist intellectual (all to be deplored) and goes on to write entertainingly of New York, Hollywood, American journalism and many other features of the American landscape. *Midnight on the Desert* seems to have been written from the depths of an arm-chair. It will appeal to a large and cultivated arm-chair public. PETER QUENNELL

FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

The Destiny of France. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Werth's book is less perhaps a discussion of France's future than an invaluable body of materials upon which the reader may build his own prophecies. As such, it is not easy to overestimate its value. Mr. Werth, while generally sympathetic to the Left, writes with balance and judgment. His knowledge is wide and sure. He understands the men of whom he writes; he grasps the forces which shape the framework within which they work; and he has the special insight which comes of profound affection for France and all that it means. The result is a book which is easily the best picture of the contemporary scene.

Certain things clearly emerge from his survey. It is pretty clear, in the first place, that the Popular Front was only just formed in time. The degree to which the hold of democratic France had been shaken by the dark forces was profound. It is clear, secondly, that the Popular Front was able to energise, as no other organisation could have done, the wide feeling against

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the growing power of Fascism, and to give it coherence and direction. It is clear, thirdly, that the Blum Government, despite some failures and immense difficulties, has gone far towards restoring among Frenchmen the credit of popular government. That does not for one moment mean that the danger of Fascism to France is over. Economic reorganisation and recovery will have to go much farther, international appeasement will have to be far more profound, before one can say with any assurance that French democracy is safe. But two things, at least, are certain which were far less certain before the Popular Front victory. French democracy has the initiative in its hands; that, on any showing, is an immense strategic advantage. And because it has the initiative, the psychology of defeat—that sense which, above all, enables Fascism to get a hold upon the masses—has been transformed into a sense of potential victory. It is now certain that Frenchmen will never yield to Fascism without giving a good account of themselves. The Fascists are gambling now on probable defeat instead of possible victory. This, on any showing, is an immense gain.

Mr. Werth tells the story of the last five years in fascinating detail. His book would be worth while if only for its admirable portraits of the persons involved. His pictures, notably, of Doumergue the egoistic puppet, of Laval, of Herriot and of Blum, are masterly. His account of the Abyssinian negotiations, of Blum's new deal, of the psychological erosion of bodies like the Croix de Feu, of the method by which the Popular Front was built, is full of illumination. In all of it certain clear lessons emerge for ourselves, above all the lesson of the immense reserve of popular fighting power if it can once be galvanised into unity. And the more Mr. Werth's pages are read the more clear it becomes that the keys of Europe rest in London. Granted a willingness here to stay the advance of international Fascism, there can be no real doubt of where the heart of France lies. But Great Britain must choose; without the certainty of her collaboration the future of France is necessarily obscure. That, as Mr. Werth makes evident, is the inescapable clue to M. Blum's hesitations over Spain. When he takes his stand against Fascism the aggressor, he must know that he can count upon British support. With it, the prospects of democratic survival are real. Without it, the chance of survival is gravely lessened. In a peaceful world, M. Blum has nothing to fear. In the world shaped by the grim adventurism of Hitler and Mussolini, he must necessarily seek to make Great Britain see the interdependence of Franco-British interests. How far he will succeed it is too early yet to say. No one, I think, can read Mr. Werth's illuminating pages without the conviction that this is his central problem. It is also, I suggest, his tragedy that the victory of the Left in France should synchronise with the existence of a British Government more willing than any of recent times to subordinate the claims of the democratic principle to the protection of the class-interests it represents.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT CANADA

Canada. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

M. Siegfried's earlier book, *Le Canada, les Deux Races*, remains the classic study of the relations between the British and French in Canada. In this present book, while he brings his former work up to date, his real purpose is to examine Canada's international status and the various influences which determine Canadian foreign policy. One always expects from his pen a stimulating and provocative study, and his new book does not disappoint. The opening section on the geographic aspect, however, is less impressive than the rest.

Because the two Americas have mountains towards the West, plains and rivers in the middle, and torrid and arctic zones at their extremities, he concludes that the "Latin and Anglo-Saxon peoples in the New World both tread the same soil, breathe the same air, produce and market the same goods under the same economic conditions, and react to international problems in the same way." The soils and airs and economic conditions of the Americas are, in fact, more varied than are those of Europe, and as for the reaction of American nations to international problems, what Professor Siegfried really means to say, no doubt, is that all American nations react in more or less the same way to Europe's problems—they all get up and lecture. He says also that "from a geographical point of view Canada is merely the northern extension of the United States." Perhaps a Canadian might be forgiven for pointing out that geographically the United States is merely the southern extension of Canada.

It may be difficult for a European to avoid adopting in America the sort of attitude that Americans adopt in Europe. He says, for instance, "We are mature, almost old; the Americans are young, so young that they sometimes seem puerile." There is nothing particularly wrong with that statement, but Canadians and other Americans—for he includes us all, white, black and brown in that general term—are sometimes puzzled by the consequences of maturity in Hitler or Mussolini or Franco. As a good European and a good Frenchman he studies Canada from the point of view of the English or the French *cause*, grieves over what he considers to be the "fatal" trend toward "Americanization," attributes the successful working of United Kingdom and Canadian Missions in Washington to the loyalty of the English, and deplores the fact that Roman Catholic French-Canadians—for whom, nevertheless, he shows understanding and sympathy—are so suspicious of thoughts or ideas from France.

One habit which he has will irritate a good many of his readers: he uses the term American loosely. It will irritate both those who believe that the American (U.S.) influence in Canada is bad, because he overestimates it, and those who believe it to be good, because for him Americanism is something to be avoided like the plague. Americanism, he says, "teaches that material progress prevails over spiritual preoccupations." Perhaps he underestimates the materialism of contemporary European politics, or would he say that preferring guns to butter is a spiritual preoccupation?

But this may be giving too much notice to certain irritating faults which mar but by no means spoil a fine contribution to a study of Canada's international position. In his sections on demography and the economic aspect he examines in a very useful way the human and material resources of the Dominion. He explains the "irresistible biological pressure" which has multiplied the original sixty thousand French-Canadians to several millions. He analyses the British population and gives on page 103 an illuminating summary of the immigrants from British and foreign sources who passed through Winnipeg in 1903. His survey of Canada's economy includes a review of agricultural and industrial resources, and a chapter on finance with special attention to foreign investments.

The most valuable section of the book is the final one on the political aspect, with chapters on Canada's international status, British influence, French-Canadian influence, Canada and the United States, and Canada's foreign policy. Here is an excellent statement of the conditions which determine Canada's foreign policy and of the influence which that policy exerts because of her position as an American nation which is also a member of the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations. He asks in a stimulating fashion questions which only time will answer. Will the East-West prevail over the North-South "pull," history over geography? Will Canada remain a member of the British Commonwealth, and if she does will she draw Britain more and more away from Continental Europe? Or will geography so far prevail that she will leave the British Commonwealth and become a part of, or a mere annexe to, the United States? It is gratifying to note in the end that he believes Canada to be "still worth preserving," but it is a good thing that Canadians are more confident than he is of their capacity to maintain her national integrity.

In his study of British influence he emphasises the British origin of most Canadian institutions, and the significance of British forms. He falls, however, into an error common among Continental Europeans. Speaking of the English influence he says: "Without appearing to alter anything England has an incomparable way of imperceptibly directing people, governments and races to her own ends." British institutions and forms, however, are not subtle English propaganda, as he seems sometimes to imply; they are our birthright. His chapter on the French-Canadian influence explains some of the strength and weaknesses of the French-Canadian and illustrates the part which the Church has played not only in forming the French-Canadian character but in maintaining the British connection as a guarantee of its own privileges. But the most interesting portion of this chapter is an analysis of the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the Great War, and his attempt to explain why there were among the 620,000 Canadians so many English-born and so few from Quebec.

To readers outside Canada, and to those Canadians who are furiously striving to discover the "doctrine of perfect clarity" in Canada's foreign relations, to which Professor Siegfried alludes

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Let me tell you about my first meeting with Holman—twenty years ago. Before I had met him, I had quarrelled with him. I had done something that was rather smart. Holman hates smartness and wrote to tell me so. He can write emphatically sometimes. He did then. After a few letters which did not carry us far, I wrote him, "Anyway I would like to meet you. Will you dine with me?" He replied, "No, I won't dine with you. Will you come for a row on the Serpentine with me?" I went and we spent two hours handling oars badly.

We became friends. Before we parted he said, "I like you. . . . You are much better than your letters." That was, in my view, a high compliment, because I have always considered the letters I dictate a bit better than average.

I remember another thing he said to me: "Now that I have made friends with you, I must beware of the periodicals you look after." To my "Why?" he replied: "I must not allow my liking for you to influence me favourably towards publications that may not deserve favour on their own merit." You can't pull Holman from the straight. He is so upright that I often think he leans backwards.

Another thing happened soon afterwards. A friend came to see me to ask advice about advertising. He had a speciality he wished to market. He had been to see one of the big noises in the advertising agency world and explained himself. The Big Noise said: "How much money do you want to spend?" My friend was uncertain. Said the Big Noise: "Will you spend £3,000?" My friend confided to me that he was willing to spend £3,000 if he were satisfied there was a good chance of getting it back with a profit. My advice was: "Better see Holman," to whom I sent him.

Holman's advice was: "I cannot say definitely that you *can* make the market you want, but if you agree to let me spend £50 for you I will get you the answer 'Yes' or 'No' and even a negative answer will be worth £50, for then you will know where you stand and can get on with something else." The first advertising campaign for my friend was limited to an appropriation of £50.

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Holman sent me his book, which I read with great pleasure and entire approval. In this that I have written I have reviewed not the book but the man. You can get the book for yourself and should do so. The man you may never need to meet, but with the book and my review of the man you will get somewhere near an accurate appreciation of Laurance Holman.

on page 229, his chapter on foreign policy will prove most interesting. His comments on the creation and chances for survival of a Canadian culture will most interest those who are concerned about the development of a distinctive Canadian "personality." "We have already suggested," he says, "the rudiments of a Canadian culture which would be Anglo-French in its origins and its institutions but American in its geographical atmosphere, with a touch of poetry and grandeur from the Far North." Good! We shall not ask for more. WOLFE DURHAM

TOWARDS THE INFERNO

Marriage with Genius. By FREDA STRINDBERG. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In some adventures Strindberg may remind us of Pécuchet. Was it Pécuchet or Strindberg who, one day reading the description of Hell in Swedenborg, looked out of the window and discovered the landscape before his eyes? Strindberg, I think, though the incident is not outside Pécuchet's scope. It was certainly Strindberg who decided to commit suicide by pneumonia. He had fallen in love with the Baroness Wrangel and rather than deceive the Baron, who was his friend, he preferred death, a lingering death in bed which the Baroness could attend. It seemed a happy way out for all three. Having smoked a cigar and drunk an absinthe, Strindberg swam far out to sea and afterwards sat naked on the beach; to get the most of an October gale he climbed a tree and clung there shivering. (One misses the advent of Bouvard.) Then he returned to his hotel, certain now of dying, dispatched a wire saying that he was ill, and fell asleep. In the morning, when his friends arrived, he looked extremely well.

His studies, too, have at times a Pécuchet flavour. "He has turned now to geology," we read on one page of Freda Strindberg's autobiography, apropos a firestone with which he hoped to prove new and disconcerting theories. World history, Chinese and physics are followed by astronomy, chemistry, telepathy, transmutation of metals. He discovered a new star, Odin. He hoped to manufacture gold. For days he would sit indoors, in a reek of sulphur, working at his experiments with bleeding hands, until a fresh hope took him out into the fields; there perhaps to be arrested, while he was injecting an apple with chloroform, as a suspected lunatic.

Whatever the value of these researches, to which biographers have given a serious and pathetic character, they provided him with the Faustian atmosphere in which he spent his darkest years. He had his *famulus*—a certain Przybyszewski; Freda he called his Gretchen. And, as though to emphasise the hint of burlesque which was rarely absent, he would emerge from his sulphur fumes in time for dinner humming an air from Gounod's *Faust*. Strindberg's taste for Dickens, Bret Harte and other comic writers has puzzled biographers who find little humour in his work; they forget that he was himself, in some lights, a comic figure very much in the style of these authors. One can think of half-a-dozen eccentrics in Dickens, living as it were in retreat, who might have written *Confessions of a Madman* or *The Spook Sonata* if they had had genius.

Some even of the more terrifying episodes in his second marriage make us want to laugh. The marriage started strangely. Freda Strindberg writes:

> I slept most unfittingly late on our wedding morn, for the night had been restless. All of a sudden, at dawn, he had brusquely started from a dream, had not at once remembered that he now legitimately enjoyed the company of a young woman, and, in his first confusion, had attempted to throttle the interloper. He had already half-succeeded—for whatever he does, he does well—when at the last moment something familiar in my protesting voice brought him back to consciousness. Although he reassured me that the attack had nothing to do with me but was probably intended, as a mere matter of habit, for his first wife, I did not go to sleep again for quite a while.

Yet, genius apart, he was a great deal more than the Dickensian clown. The strain of real nobility in this fear-ridden life is evident in Strindberg's own writings and in the accounts of those whom he made to suffer. Oddly enough much of our sympathy goes to Strindberg rather than to his wives, and this is no doubt because, despite his faults, he gave far more to them than they did to him.

Freda Strindberg was perhaps unluckier than the others. She caught him, aged forty-five, solitary, embittered, at the point in his life when he was moving towards the Inferno of his middle years; she herself was eighteen. Her youth attracted him, and lifted him out of misery. The marriage was of her making; time after time he tried to escape, and was only pulled back by telegrams, messengers, last-minute entreaties. Very well, she saved him, for a couple of years, from the Inferno into which he was to descend; but she was hardly the person to do it. With more will-power than character she grew up quickly at his spiritual expense. Read *Marriage with Genius*, and you will see at once that she is a character out of his plays, that he in fact created her. True to type, after a period of quarrels and reconciliations, she fought fiercely, and their love became hatred. When, against his wish, she read *The Confessions of a Madman*, which dealt with his first marriage, she was dismayed by Strindberg's self-revelation but even more by the traces of herself which she found in the portrait of the first wife. It does not seem to have occurred to her that the resemblance was due, not to accident, but to what she herself had borrowed from Strindberg; and that this was bound in the end to divide them.

So, despite its tone of ecstatic and genuine affection, Madame Strindberg's *Marriage with Genius* comes to us lapped between two Strindberg plays, one written before he met her, the other (*To Damascus*) summing up the experience of their two years together. The result is that her book, though lyrical enough, is often more Strindbergian than Strindberg himself. It is, however, so far as one can judge, reasonably accurate and fair. It should be read, for it provides a useful check to the narrative of the same incidents given by Strindberg in *Fairhaven and Foulstrand*, and, as I have said, it is the background of his greatest play, *To Damascus*. They met in Berlin and travelled to Heligoland, London (this is one of the most interesting episodes of their journey), Salzburg, Friedrichshagen, and Dornach, where they lived first in the house of Freda's grandparents and afterwards—following quarrels—in a cottage at the other end of the estate. The old house, the landscape dark with fir trees and rocks, appealed to Strindberg by its mystery; and his experiments on the sensitivity of flowers add an almost pastoral touch to a life which was at moments careless and happy. Odd to reflect that in 1895, when this book ends, Strindberg returned to Paris and breathed a huge sigh of relief as he stepped alone into a world of poverty, hallucination and hellish torment.

G. W. STONIER

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FRESH LIGHT ON HENRY VIII.

English Monks and the Suppression of the Monasteries. By GEOFFREY BASKERVILLE. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The general public reads history, like other subjects, mainly for entertainment; and it will find plenty here. Once or twice Mr. Baskerville illumines his subject with that "grave and temperate irony" which Gibbon learned from Pascal; but more often he shows Chaucer's *visage de bois*, leaving us in such sympathy for the victims as we feel for Thackeray's Bishop of Bullocksmithy, and Charles Honeyman, and the Reverend Jedidiah Ramshorn. And, as to that minority of readers who take history seriously, and expect such documentary vouchers for an author's assertions as he would give upon any other subject of equal importance, these also will enjoy Mr. Baskerville. This is one of the very few monographs which exploit, to the utmost limits of some fairly wide subject, the unrivalled mass of material which lies before English students of medieval Church history. Our earlier antiquaries deserve our utmost gratitude for what they preserved; but they went little farther. The Oxford Movement brought fresh life into this field, but not proportionate balance of judgment. Research has been so superficial, sometimes even in the bulkiest and most pretentious books, that Farmer Cobbett's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, first published in 1829, has probably influenced far more readers during its century of life (for it still sells freely, in a very incompletely "revised" edition) than any other book on the subject. It gave the impetus to the Anglicans Blunt and Dixon, and they to Cardinal Gasquet, of whom Creighton noted that he gives very little new information, and that his appeal to the episcopal Registers (which if substantiated, would have been of primary importance), is illusory (*E. H. R.*, 1888, pp. 376 ff.). It influenced at first the cautious Scottish scholar James Gairdner; though he, after longer documentary research, confessed in his last years to a considerable change of view (*Nineteenth Century and After*, July, 1909). From one point of view, Mr. Baskerville is perfectly justified in dismissing Cobbett's book as "one of the most amazing pieces of rubbish that ever was written" (p. 275). But the strength of the book is in its generous sympathy, at the bottom of all his false "facts" and his ignorance of actual Tudor social and religious conditions. It is that sympathy which has bred so much of what Mr. Baskerville dismisses as "sob-stuff" but which the public should still retain, as he does, in the face of all his corrections of fact. Of these it is difficult to speak too highly: they are the fruit of long and patient research, and have too long been buried in *The English Historical Review*, or similar learned publications.

From these discoveries there emerges one point of great importance for English readers, which a reviewer may well emphasise here, though the author himself does not so explicitly make it. The late Dom Berlière, our most learned scholar in Benedictine history, alluded once in a private letter to the relative regularity of average Church life in medieval England, as compared with the Continent. This was only one side of our general insularity; for it is a great exaggeration to date that insularity from Elizabeth. The difference comes out nowhere more clearly than in this story of our Dissolution, which is so often cited, with the best intentions but in ignorance of certain essential facts, as one of our worst national disgraces. In the abstract, the story has indeed only too much that commands shame and repentance from us. Yet all its worst features were characteristic of that age, not only in England, but everywhere; and Henry's actions, often indefensible in themselves, compare favourably with those of other sovereigns (popes included), at other times and in other countries. The suppression of the Templars, by a king and a pope in partnership, could plead so much less fundamental excuse than Henry's act, and was so much more cruel in its methods, that this alone might suggest, even though we had no other evidence, how far Europe had really advanced in civilisation between 1311 and 1536. Or, again, if we regard the post-Reformation fate of Continental monasteries, we see that England comes out well by comparison. Montalembert, the enthusiastic champion of monasticism, reminds his French readers that, if they would study medieval monastic buildings, they must go to England, where the Reformation destroyed so much less than Renaissance and Revolution did in France. He singles out, as the peculiar "leprosy of monasticism," that "commendam" system by which four-fifths of the French abbeys, and the greater part of their endowments left for pious and charitable uses, came into the hands of bloodsuckers who had managed to secure royal or papal favour. This supreme abuse, though popes tried to introduce it into England, was fought by our kings; it never gained a real footing with us until Wolsey's case; and then came that Dissolution which, with all its injustices, did less harm to Church and poor than the "commendam" did. Mr. Baskerville corrects exaggerated descriptions of that harm even in England. But more important still, and demanding a long and patient toil which nobody could realise from the mere easy perusal of this brightly written book, are the facts which he has collected concerning the lives of the dispossessed monks. On p. 255 he contrasts the pensions and other advantages of these men with the fate of the ejected French monks in 1791, of the 30,000 whom Joseph II sent adrift in Austria, and of the 54,000 religious turned loose by the Spanish radicals in 1836. He adds: "But Charles III of Spain, a devout believer, behaved in no way more charitably, and nothing can be more pathetic than the story of the poor Jesuits, torn in 1767 from their convents, and hurried on shipboard to be wafted for months about the Mediterranean. Nothing of the kind happened in England." G. G. COULTON

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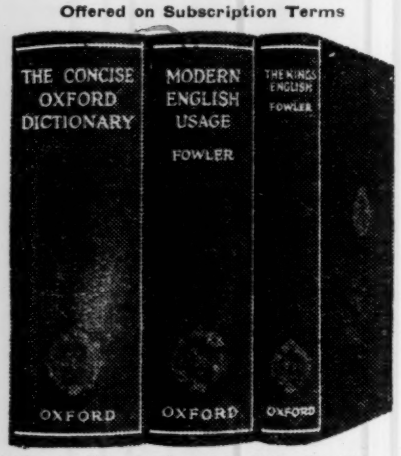

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History of Modern Morals. By MAX HODANN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book has been so admirably translated by Miss Stella Browne that it is difficult to imagine that it is a translation. She might perhaps have avoided the vulgar use of the word "morals" (the German original is not divulged); but even Lecky was guilty of this. The book is a mine of useful information, including bibliographies and lists of important dates at the end of each chapter. Some are rather cryptic, such as "1885 BUMM cultures gonococcus" and "1931 MOENCH'S monograph on Spermatozoa. Professor SCHMERZ imprisoned."

The book is frankly Communist and pro-Russian, as may be seen in such expressions as "fiasco of Bourgeois Sex Reform" and in skating over the fact that Soviet Russia has made male homosexuality a capital offence. Certainly divorce law reformers like Mr. A. P. Herbert and myself, generously referred to in the book, are not out to abolish the family or to set up Communism. This bias is regrettable, because it may lead to the book not

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being read by persons who would derive much benefit by facing the facts of sex reform, which deserve the widest publicity. Moreover, the absence of this bias would bring into better relief the gross obscurantism of the present German Government.

Various chapters deal very thoroughly with Homosexuality, the Fight against Venereal Disease, the History of Birth Control, the Fight for Legalised Abortion, Sex Education, and the Analysis of the Sex Taboo. Humour is not usually a strong point in German works of this kind; but the following anecdote is at least refreshing: "A modern child who quizzed her mother as to her own origin was given the traditional answer 'God sent you'—'And how did you get here, mother, did God send you too?' 'Yes, dear.' 'And Grandma?' 'Yes, dear.' 'And great-grandma?' 'Yes, dear!' 'Do you mean to say, mother, that there have been no sex relations in this family for over two hundred years?'"

The volume is a significant product of our time. For nearly thirty years I have on occasion talked over the problems discussed in this book with Havelock Ellis and Edward Carpenter and once for three hours with Dr. Hirschfeld. None of these pioneers had any object but the liberation of humanity from the burden of sex superstition without any distinction of sectarian politics. They imported no Marxian or other slogans into their programme. They thought exclusively about their subject. It would certainly have occurred to them that if Soviet Russia thought fit to go back on the legal abortion programme, as it did in 1936, the Soviet might have good reason for its decision. An Englishwoman once told me that the abortion surgery, being often hasty and not too aseptic, caused both disease and mortality.

My three pioneers would have supposed that children might profitably have some sort of sensible warning against masturbation (which the author of this book seems to consider unnecessary). They might also have questioned the right of the State to execute homosexuals, as in Russia, or to "cure" them by compulsory State measures, as in other countries. Certainly they would never have identified sexual enlightenment with "legislation enabling the community to take over the cost of rearing children so that all who desire children can have them without being socially and financially penalised for parenthood."

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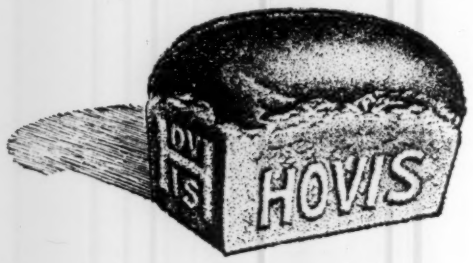

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Metropolitan Man: The Future of the English. By ROBERT SINCLAIR. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Metropolitan Man is the sort of book about which publishers' advertisements carry parallel columns of extravagant praise and censure by different reviewers. It all depends on how it strikes you. It may make you angry with the world, as Mr. Sinclair undoubtedly is, or it may make you angry with Mr. Sinclair—at which he will quite possibly be pleased, if indeed he is capable of being pleased with anything. You may marvel at his command of statistical fact, and at his capacity for putting a sting into a figure: or you may be annoyed at his embittered determination to debunk everybody and everything, and to find nothing good beneath the sun, or at any rate nothing worth mentioning.

I confess that, above all else, I was bored. Mr. Sinclair set to work to rake every blue book and report dealing with the present condition of London and the Londoner for every unpleasant morsel of fact that he could find. He then presented his results, not in a series of cold tables of figures, but in a savage journalese which is current in the United States under the designation of "muck-raking." Chapter after chapter, the appalling catalogue goes on—of tuberculous milk and tuberculous children, mental deficiency in slums and in Whitehall and County Hall, of the stink and filth of poverty and the scarcely less bad smell of business inefficiency and robotisation of everything. It goes on and on, till I at any rate feel like screaming to Mr. Sinclair to stop, or at least, if he must go on cataloguing, to stop being clever or ironical or contemptuous about it all, and stick to the mere facts for a change.

Yet I realise that the book might strike some other reader quite differently. Most of Mr. Sinclair's facts are true, and well vouched for—though he always puts on them the most horrible interpretation. Some readers doubtless will enjoy his savage comment, his suppression of everything that makes on the other side, his *macabre* presentation of present-day London as a charnel-house full of rotting bones and souls. If they can endure and enjoy, they will find in *Metropolitan Man* plenty of bombs to fling at civilisation and its claims; for, distorted as the picture is by what it leaves out, the truths which it reveals are bad enough in all conscience. "One Londoner in ninety is a mental case, and one Londoner in ten is held to be too stupid to benefit by normal education." "One home in five is stricken by death or disease in a year." "The milk which comes to some of my readers' breakfast tables causes several score of guinea-pigs to die of specific disease in London laboratories every year." "Grey-haired shop-girls are rare; that means that most of the dyspeptic, the nervous and the anaemic have become the mothers of the next generation, while the remainder, failing to find men, are washing up slops in restaurant basements." These are fair samples of Mr. Sinclair's method and style. Let those who can bear 323 pages of unpleasant facts conveyed in that sprightly-cynical, spit-the-bad-taste-out-of-your-mouth tone read *Metropolitan Man.*

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WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE U.S.S.R.

Nursery School and Parent Education in Soviet Russia. By VERA FEDIAEVSKY, in collaboration with PATTY SMITH HILL. *Kegan Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Position of Women in the U.S.S.R. By G. N. SEREBRENNIKOV. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is a very great temptation when reviewing books on Soviet Russia to mention the title of the books and proceed for the rest of the allotted space to air one's views and describe one's own experiences. Very often this is the best thing to do.

Not so with the two books before me. They are two of the most satisfactory books about the U.S.S.R., and, significantly, written by Russians. Can it be that they are learning the gentle art of propaganda?

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of a country can be measured. One of them is surely the care taken of the women and children. Measured by this the U.S.S.R. is far and away the most civilised country in the world.

Vera Fediaevsky's book presents the reader with a staggering conception of what the care of children can be. One would never have believed that there were so many different lines of approach to the problem of the upbringing of children. And the impression is given that only the fringe of the problem has been touched. Everyone concerned with children appears to be seeking new ways of achieving the country's aim, to bring up Communist-minded children capable of creating a Communist society. Quietly and in detail Madame Fediaevsky describes the work done in the crêche and the nursery-infant schools as though it were nothing that in a country which before the Revolution had fourteen kindergartens now looks after 5 million children under eight in some institution or other.

She describes summer playgrounds and children's rooms in stations, the simplest playrooms, and the most up-to-date and well-equipped nursery.

The importance of the Soviet work with children lies not only in bringing up a fit and healthy generation, but in its influence on the parents. Every children's institution, of whatever kind, becomes an educational centre for adults. Not only does this raise the level of the parents, but it brings out qualities of organisation and develops intellectual capacities amongst people who, but for these opportunities, would still be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The research and experimental work described in this book is not only interesting but highly important to the world at large. The order and regime is much more rigid and inflexible as described than I have ever found it, fortunately. There is a temporary danger, however, of a too scientific regime being adopted in the central institutions. It is to be remembered, however, that much that has to be insisted on in the Soviet Union with regard to the training of children is taken for granted in this country, and I cannot imagine that any worker in a children's institution in England would require the kind of detailed instructions described in Appendix I. Yet it is essential in the U.S.S.R., which gives some idea of the problems dealt with in this book, the value of which is greatly increased by excellent illustrations.

One reason for the care expended on the children is that the mother shall be able to take her place as a productive economic citizen on an equality with man, as stated by Serebrennikov. He demonstrates very clearly how this economic security and equality has given the woman a new self-respect and how it is winning the respect of man. It is interesting to learn that one result of women's wholesale entry into industry has been the improvement, not only of conditions of labour, but of actual machinery. If a machine is harmful to woman then the machine must be altered, and altered it is. There are special scientific institutions investigating the effect on women of varying labour conditions and of different types of machinery. The book is full of statistical information which advocates of women in industry will find very valuable. There are women in the front ranks of industry and of science. It is true that they are as yet few, but then they had much leeway to make up in the U.S.S.R. More valuable than the statistical information is the description of the educational work being carried on with women at the place of work. A woman in a factory is not merely a factory hand, she is a potential manager of the factory, scientist or inventor, a potential chairman of the city soviet or commissar of a ministry.

The author is too optimistic in his belief that the woman problem has been solved completely in the U.S.S.R. He says and rightly, "Motherhood is essential for the complete fulfilment of women." Whatever are the services offered by the State, the home and family still demand more attention from the woman than from the man. It is possible that when production has reached the required level women, though using public services, and sharing social duties, will stay at home for the first years of the child's life. As Russians marry young and have children early, it will still leave the woman ample years for a career.

For those seriously interested in women and children, both books are to be highly recommended. BEATRICE KING

SHORTER NOTICES

Buffets and Rewards. By FELIX WEINGARTNER. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The famous Austrian conductor, Felix Weingartner, in writing this book of "a musician's reminiscences," has the advantage of being able to give personal impressions of many famous men, such as Wagner and Liszt, whom he met as a very young man at the beginning of his career. Born in 1863, he attended a performance of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth in 1882 while still a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and was fortunate enough to get an invitation to a party at "Wahnfried." Wagner, he tells us, did not always appear at these parties, but again Weingartner was lucky and he describes him thus: "He seemed to be in a particularly good temper, as he had donned evening dress, a thing which he very seldom did. In his hand he carried a collapsible opera hat which from time to time he would balance—in its collapsed state—on his head. . . . Wagner had very brisk and vivacious movements; no one watching him would have imagined that he was nearing his seventieth birthday. . . . He was somewhat stout, his beautifully formed but by no means abnormally large head was no more disproportionate to his small stature than were his small hands and feet. . . . His eyes shone brightly out of his pale face and seemed to be now dark, now light in colour. Restlessly he moved hither and thither, engaging now one, now another in conversation." Of Weingartner's own famous contemporaries he says very little for the reason, no doubt, that he is still an active musician. Of his own compositions—of which he seems to have a very high opinion—however, he says a great deal that is not very interesting. Weingartner is a fine musician and conductor, but this book is a disappointment, as it gives the impression of an able, glib but superficial mind.

Biography of a Family: Catherine de Medici and her Children. By MILTON WALDMAN. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Although in telling the story of Catherine de Medici and her children Mr. Waldman has to cover the history of France from the death of Henry II to that of Henry III, we see that history merely as the backcloth against which the bourgeois Queen Mother and her royal but scrofulous brood play out the turgid drama of their useless lives. Catherine dominates the scene. We see the woman as she was, a perfectly tolerant disinterested person in all that did not impinge upon her own power or the rights of her children, but absolutely, though still indifferently, ruthless whenever that power or those rights were in peril. On St. Bartholomew's Day she watched with cool interest the massacre of the Huguenots, but had it suited her purpose she would have watched a massacre of Catholics with an interest as cool. Her children we see with equal clarity, moral and physical degenerates, but each with something to remind men of the Kings their forbears. Of Marguerite as daughter, sister and wife, great lady, blue stocking and strumpet, we see too little, but in what little we do see she shines like a naughty jest in a tiresome world. The biography is charmingly illustrated with contemporary portraits.

Seven Heirs Apparent. By SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. *Thornton Butterworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The irony of events presses hardly upon this study of the Princes of Wales of the Brunswick and Coburg dynasties, and it is to be esteemed rather for its frank sketches of the Hanoverian Princes, than for its more discreet approaches to those of Coburg. The time for a study of Edward VII in his salad days and middle years, in the manner of Thackeray, is not yet, and in any case Sir George Arthur is no Thackeray. His book, Sir George tells us, was in the press "before there was heard any whisper of the circumstances destined to set an abrupt term to a reign. . . . which—had the Providential order been otherwise—might well have proved itself no less glorious than beneficent." "Providential order" is good. In his foreword to the book Mr. E. F. Benson, referring to the foolish upbringing of George III, points out that his mother's idea of recreation was to take him to tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was the good fortune of George V that his father was a man of the world, and had no such idea of recreation.

The Air Annual of the British Empire, 1937. Edited by SQUADRON-LEADER C. G. BURGE. *Pitman.* 21*s.*

The eighth edition of *The Air Annual of the British Empire* has been published somewhat later than usual, in order to permit the inclusion of the latest types of military and civil aircraft. Some of the comparative statistics are instructive. In September last a British machine secured the World Altitude Record by reaching a height of 49,967ft. At the first official attempt in 1909 the maximum ceiling was only 509ft., but this height was soon dwarfed by the French Gnome-engined Bleriot, which attained over 20,000ft. in 1913. Recent progress by the Empire's Airways has been remarkably rapid. Comparing the twelve months ended March 31st, 1936, with the preceding year the mileage flown increased from 2,885,761 to 4,560,718, and the number of letters carried from 17,638,670 to 30,997,575. The increase in the number of passengers was much smaller, the latest figure of 68,372 representing a rise of only six thousand. Regarded as a work of reference the book has two obvious faults: the table of contents is inconveniently placed among the advertisements, and, a matter of much greater importance, no index is provided.

Christ Legends. By SELMA LAGERLÖF. Translated from the Swedish by VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There is a simple, grave beauty in these legends of Christ. Selma Lagerlöf has given them something of the naivety that informs the old nativity plays and makes them so attractive to a sophisticated age. But she has also used them deliberately and with singular effect to inculcate and drive home the essential Christian ethic of goodwill. Though not the most beautiful of the legends, that of the bearing of

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I enclose.....shilling P.O. for
....1s seats ....2s seats ....3s seats Day.....Time ..... p.m.
Name .....
Address .....
NO SEATS SOLD AT DOOR [N.S. 27]

Just Published!

Verbatim Report of the

COURT PROCEEDINGS: ANTI-SOVIET TROTSKYITE CENTRE

(In Re: Pyatakov, Radek, Sokolnikov, Etc.)

Moscow, Jan. 23-30, 1937.

580 pages, Bound, Price 2/6.

Distributed by Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, Moscow.

Obtainable from:

COLLET'S FOREIGN DEPT.,
31, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

Peter's mother to heaven while the Apostle and his Master watch the ascent is perhaps the most powerful. Anxious only to be saved herself, as the angel bears her heavenward, she casts off one by one those who, clinging to her, would rise with her from that hell where men hate one another; and as she frees herself, so the angel finds his burden grow heavier and his pace slower. The most beautiful of the legends are those which reveal the Child, but the Saint Veronica and the Crucified is beautifully told. The translation reads like an original, and the illustrations by Horace I. Knowles are appropriate to the text.

Going Native. By ERIC MUSPRATT. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

In this story of his voyage across the Atlantic with two companions in a 30-ton yawl, and of his sojourn for a time in the West Indies, Mr. Muspratt leaps about in space and time so erratically that the when and the where, the why and the how of his tumultuous activities are rarely precise. Yet in the end we are left with a vision of the West Indian scene, black and white, that is curiously vivid and attractive. Yachtsmen will wish that he had given a fuller account of the voyage, and gossips will wish his stories of social life had been more explicit, and both will probably wonder if Mr. Muspratt means by his title that "going native" is just running about naked on an uninhabited isle or, more reconditely, implies by it that he entered fully into the life of the islanders sophisticated and unsophisticated, which indeed he seems to have done, with gusto.

Week-end Competitions

No. 363

Set by Sylvia Lynd

Now that advertisement has become an art which employs so many expert practitioners, a dictionary of its language grows daily more necessary. As a beginning, we shall award a prize of £2 2s. and a second prize of half a guinea for the best translation of the following terms for the sub-section entitled House Agents: Rural.

1. An attractive little property.
2. Prettily situated.
3. Solidly built.
4. Ripe for restoration.
5. In charming really unspoilt country.
6. Orchard, outbuildings, piggeries, etc.
7. Convenient for church and shops.
8. Not isolated.
9. Enjoying entire seclusion.
10. On the bank of a pretty stream.
11. Above flood level.
12. Excellent well.
13. Bathroom.
14. Main water near.
15. Electricity expected.
16. Modern drainage.
17. On the slope of a hill.
18. On the slope of a hill and affording magnificent views.
19. A small expenditure will convert into delightful week-end retreat.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 5th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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OF
CHINESE WORKS OF ART
MARCH 1st—24th
DAILY 10—6 ADMISSION FREE
PRINCES HOUSE
39 JERMYN STREET, LONDON
ENTRANCE BY LIFT TO 4th FLOOR

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 361

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the best overheard remarks which illuminate their surroundings. They should be extremely brief. Examples: All-in wrestling match: "A proper ape, ain't he?" At the Ballet: "But their waists are too high"—"That's Graecian, darling."

Report by G. W. Stonier

This is the sort of competition, involving no literary labour, which produces a mass of replies. I had omitted to mention the number of "remarks" which would be sufficient to win a prize, and some competitors fixed this at a dozen while I had thought of one; I have had, therefore, material to choose from. Most competitors grasped admirably what I was hoping for, and sent in a few words which provided their own picture. Several pages of the NEW STATESMAN could be filled with their eavesdropping, which has been both discreet and remarkable in its choice of occasion. I liked:

At the Lending Library: "Have I had this before?" (N. P. Meadway.)

At the Chemist's: ". . . for a friend who wants to reduce."

At a Chekhov play: "Makes you worry, doesn't it?" (Harry Broadbent.)

Street corner, West End (coloured girl): "Like to come home with me, dear?" "What—to Africa?" (Stella Robinson.)

At the Music Hall: "I suppose I was laughing at the beastly man, but I did it out of spite." (D. W. Barker.)

At a Beethoven concert: "You ought to hear Claude play *Kitten on the Keys.*" (W. Leslie Nicholls.)

A languid pianist: "You can almost see the music dropping from his fingers, can't you?" (Harold Rutland.)

Young Man (coming out of dance hall): "There's nothing doing there. I'm going to get married."

At Sadler's Wells: "Henry always says I'm the Traviata type—but not so big in the bust."

At the Club: "So I said 'Well, if you think foxhunting's a rotten blood-sport, I think you're a bloody rotten sport.' And, of course, he couldn't answer that."

At an all-in wrestling match: "What's 'e think 'e's doin', sunbathin'?"

At a female bridge party: "And so, in the end, he chucked her—what *are* trumps?"

After a Noel Coward first night: "I suppose it's awfully clever, really." (John B. W. Wilkinson.)

At a funeral (a busy day at Kensal Green): "I say, I think we've come to the wrong one." "Oh, this'll do." (William Bliss.)

At the Oxford and Cambridge boat race: "And now let's go and see something." (William Bliss.)

A London suburb: "I'm respectable, I am. *He* don't keep me, *I* keep him." (Humanity.)

Many other entries, I may say, come near this standard. It has been difficult to choose the winners. After innumerable sortings and resortings I recommend that a prize of 3s. 6d. be given to each of the following fifteen. Captain Van Toch would also have had a prize if his entry had been printable.

PRIZES

At a funeral procession: "They're all dressed very respectable, don't you think?" (Leigh Waller.)

In a bus; "More further forward, dear. I can't bear a warm seat. It's the aura, I think." (Quincunx.)

Top of the Monument on a windy day, 1926: "I say, Glad, *I wouldn't arf larf if it tottered over!*" (A. C.).

Picture-postcard seller, Nov. 11: "The great 'Ush, one penny." (Mrs. T. La Chard.)

Outside the Law Courts: "They asked her if she was a virgin and she said 'Yes,' but so would I, wouldn't you?" (Kenneth Dear.)

In a circulating library: "Why don't they keep all the *good* books together?" (A. M. O. S.).

In Australia: "Look, mother, there's a bloody bishop." "Hush, dear, don't you know it's rude to point?" (Mrs. D. A. Barker.)

Old Vic performance of *Hamlet*: "But it's most exciting! Not a *bit* like *Shakespeare!*" "I expect it's Olivier's acting." (Elizabeth.)

Oxford Street during the sales: "I think you *had* better lend her a penny, Charles." (B. H. Homersham.)

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SUMMARY OF THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1936.

INCOME.	**LIFE BRANCHES.** Premium Income	**£13,684,430**
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Premium Income	**£1,637,186**
	TOTAL INCOME £19,182,179	
CLAIMS.	**LIFE BRANCHES.** The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 361,534 and amounted with Bonuses to	**£7,355,917**
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to	**£797,466**
	TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £108,335,477	
FUNDS.	**INCREASE IN FUNDS.**	**£5,254,572**
	TOTAL FUNDS £94,565,273	
BONUS.	**ORDINARY BRANCH.** A simple Reversionary Bonus has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits at the rate of	**£2 - 0 - 0** per cent.
	INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. To provide Reversionary Bonuses on Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1930, a sum has been set aside amounting to	**£758,904**

GOLDEN MOMENTS

Hockey

A fast run, two backs cleverly beaten, and he drives the ball home for a brilliant goal—victory for his side and a Golden Moment for him.

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and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

C.B.82.B

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Outside provincial theatre: "But there ain't no music or dancing! We can't just sit and *laugh!*" (Doris M. Bell.)

In a miry field at Barnet Horse and Cattle Fair, old woman picking her way: "Well, good job cows don't fly." (F. D. R.)

Passchendaele, Nov., 1917: "It's a bloody fine boot, but I can't find the mucker's other leg." (George T. Hay.)

In a bus: "Mad, dearie? No, *she* ain't mad. Strange, I grant you. Many's the time I seen 'er sitting down to the piano in the nude." (Gentilino.)

The bathroom. Father (last turn): "H'm. The rising tide of colour." (Penhallow.)

Chip-potato shop: "Wrap 'em up in a picture paper, mister. I ain't no scholar." (A. M. O. S.)

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 217.—THE SIX DINERS

By A. G. Stripp.

Six friends, whose names were White, Rose, Grey, Green, Brown, and Black, and whose occupations (though not necessarily respectively) were those of Doctor, Architect, Civil Servant, Bank Manager, Stockbroker, and Engineer, dined together recently in the West End. They were seated at equal intervals round a circular table. White sat on the Doctor's left, Grey on the Architect's right, and Black opposite the Engineer. During dinner, conversation turned on the subject of motoring; and each of the diners, it transpired, possessed a car; but the six cars were all of different makes. Rose had a Lanchester, the Stockbroker an Armstrong Siddeley, the man opposite Grey a Riley, the man on Green's left a Vauxhall, the man on Brown's right a Standard, and the man opposite the Civil Servant a Ford. The owner of the Standard was on Rose's left, the owner of the Armstrong Siddeley on Green's right, and the owner of the Vauxhall opposite Brown.

What was the name of the Bank Manager?

PROBLEM 215.—FAMILY BOOKMAKER

Since it is possible for each runner to win the same number of races, the number of races is a multiple of the number of boys. Hence solvers proceeding by trial need only operate within a very limited field. 2 boys, 4 or 6 races; 3 boys, 6 or 9 races; 4 boys, 8 races, cover all likely cases.

It is soon found (if desired, without any recourse to "mathematics") that there are 3 boys and 6 races. The number of possible results is then 3^6 or 729, which can be analysed as under:

	Winners.			
	Boy (1).	Boy (2).	Boy (3).	Possible results.
1 ..	6	—	—	3
2 ..	5	1	—	36
3 ..	4	2	—	90
4 ..	4	1	1	90
5 ..	3	3	—	60
6 ..	3	2	1	360
7 ..	2	2	2	90
				729

Uncle Binks' first bet is even money against 6. The actual odds are 369 : 360.

His second bet is 7 : 1 against 7. The actual odds are 639 : 90.

His third bet is 3 : 1 against 3 or 4. The actual odds are 549 : 180.

The approximations (allowing a small margin in favour of Uncle Binks) are sufficiently close to be conclusive.

Hence 3 boys competed in 6 races.

PROBLEM 214.—RECITATIONS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss E. L. N. Lintott, Cotswold, Gordon Road, Ashford, Middx.

Five points will be awarded for any solution consistent with the data.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

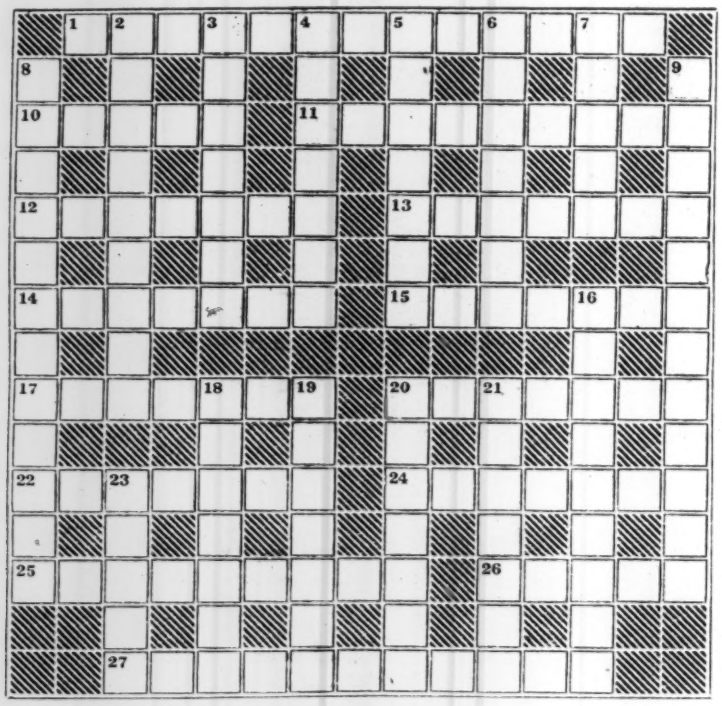
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 364

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Dermot Freyer, 42 Owlstone Road, Cambridge.

ACROSS.

1. Not another name for Woolwich Academy.
10. How Woden might provide for the future.
11. Painful position of hotpot.
12. ". . . the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their —— prest,
Have drunk their Cup . . ."
13. A small change of this diet would produce a complaint.
14. Nice, dry state of the track.
15. Let rats frighten you.
17. What constituents periodically do to a popular M.P.
20. Victor's motor-car?
22. Has an alcoholic effect on 12.
24. Mine worked at sea during the war, but is now often on the carpet.
25. An isle set in the necessary form.
26. Where the Royal Engineers are.
27. Sort of footwear for overcoming waves?

DOWN.

2. A command for me to go in with the artillery.
3. Inadequate payment of a cartoonist?
4. Stuff we buy provisionally.
5. They are not included among the wife's relations of course.
6. Continental suggestion that my name is Heath.
7. A cow sounds rather like this animal.
8. Not one of the big guns of 1 or 2.
9. A dressy mount.
16. A temporary bit?
18. Dramatists, not musicians, play this triangle.
19. You would expect this conjunction of bird and beast to be batty.
20. Some of the spies got us Slesser's letter, not without a struggle, however.
21. Passive state of the masses.
23. Tread at right angles to it.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	A	C	K	H	A	N	D	■	S	T	I	C	K	S
U	■	H	■	O	■	A	■	Y	■	O	■	A	■	C
S	H	E	E	P	■	B	R	E	T	W	A	L	D	A
S	■	A	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	I	■	E	■	L
T	O	P	I	C	■	B	I	R	D	T	A	B	L	E
O	■	S	■	O	■	■	■	B	■	■	■	■	■	N
P	L	E	A	T	■	S	T	O	C	K	S	I	Z	E
■	■	A	■	C	■	L	■	O	■	N	■	N	■	■
P	A	T	C	H	W	O	R	K	■	I	N	N	E	R
O	■	■	■	■	■	W	■	■	■	F	■	K	■	O
M	O	T	H	E	R	W	I	T	■	E	V	E	R	Y
P	■	R	■	L	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	A
O	V	E	R	L	O	R	D	S	■	E	X	P	E	L
U	■	A	■	E	■	M	■	C	■	S	■	E	■	L
S	I	D	I	N	G	■	E	A	S	T	E	R	L	Y

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OZENFANT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. Mr Ozenfant has transferred his Paris School to London. He himself works at the Academy and daily supervises and corrects his students' work. Prospectus from Sec. 170-172 Warwick Road, Kensington, W.14.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Readership in English Law tenable at King's College. Salary £500 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on 15 April, 1937, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant-in-Charge of the Ramsbottom Branch Library. Candidates must either possess the certificate for the diploma of the School of Librarianship; or must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, and have had experience in municipal or county branch libraries. Salary £150–£10–£200. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Library, County Offices, Preston, not later than Saturday, March 6th.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant-in-Charge of the Penwortham Branch Library. Candidates must have passed the Elementary Examination of the Library Association. Salary, £120–£10–£150. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, should reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Library, County Offices, Preston, not later than Saturday, March 6th, 1937.

ANGLO FRENCH GRADUATE (young woman) long translating and research experience, good typing, initiative, seeks post as translator, reader, secretary, etc. Box No. 605, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN (aged 32), ten years experience as private secretary wishes to find more interesting work; preferably in connection with any Left organisation. Box 606, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE TREASURY APPLIES THE BRAKES?—DEFLATION IN THE INVESTMENT MARKETS—EQUITY SHARES AND THE PEAK—HOME RAILWAYS

"IT is a popular error," said Mr. J. M. Keynes this week, to the policy holders of the National Mutual Life Assurance Society, "to suppose that the rate of interest to-day is exceptionally low. During the half-century preceding the war [when we were providing for a rapidly increasing population and were investing largely abroad] the average yield on Consols was approximately 3 per cent. To-day the yield on War Loan is almost 3½ per cent." Mr. Keynes considers it too high. He believes that it is within the power of the Treasury to borrow £400 millions in five years for rearmament without producing conditions of inflation. But, he added, if the Chancellor, weighed down by a sense of guilt, feels that for the sin of borrowing he must chastise himself (and us) by borrowing dear, markets will respond accordingly. I think that Mr. Chamberlain probably feels more terror-struck and helpless than guilty. If the Bank of England comes to the support of the gilt-edged market the cry of inflation will be raised—and Mr. Chamberlain, alarmed by the boom in the metal markets, is terrified of a price-inflation. Perhaps the Treasury has advised the Chancellor that the rearmament expenditures are really "inflationary" at this stage of the recovery and that a slump in the gilt-edged market is the best way of "applying the brakes." Certainly this is deflating the Stock Exchange, holding up new issues and, by generating alarm among investors, creating a temporary demand for idle money. If this is part of a considered plan on the part of the Treasury to prevent a dangerous inflation of prices developing, it is understandable, but in my opinion it would have been far safer, and more intelligent, not to prepare the foundations for a future slump by raising the long-term rate of interest, but to lower tariffs, and for some industries to abolish protectionism altogether. And if the Treasury seriously desired to apply the brakes to the boom, it was absurd for the Government to announce publicly its intention to accumulate stocks of raw materials: it was fantastic for the Chancellor to make a five-year song of his expenditures for war. What the Government has done is merely to deflate the genuine investment markets and to inflate the speculative markets in commodities and commodity shares—to discourage the subscriber to Government loans and to encourage the gamblers in the "equities of death."

* * *

In his latest pamphlet ("Slump Ahead in Bonds," Somerset Publishing Co., N.Y., $1), Major L. L. B. Angas argues that as there is now a managed money system in America a study of the science of monetary control is the prerequisite for every serious investor seeking capital appreciation. But it is not so easy to study monetary control in Great Britain, for the Treasury never explains, the Bank of England never speaks, and the Chancellor generally says the wrong thing. Now that the Treasury is suspected of purposely causing a gilt-edged slump, the investor has known exactly what to do—he has been selling all his good "investment" shares—preference and ordinary. As Major Angas properly observes: "Since the whole security market . . . is at present walking on cheap money stilts, as soon as the monetary control takes these stilts away both bonds and stocks will simultaneously depreciate—even though, as trade continues to expand, common stocks will eventually recover." We have just witnessed on the London Stock Exchange a more severe fall in the investment stocks than in the gilt-edged market, as the following table will show:—

	High 1936.	Present Price.	Present Yield %	Fall %
Debenture Stocks:				
Gas Light & Coke 3% ..	93½	77	£3 18 0	17.6
Watney Combe Reid 3½% ..	104½	93	3 15 3	11.0
Preference Stocks:				
Courtaulds	27/-	23/9	4 4 3	12.0
Shell Transport 7% (2nd) ..	35/-	29/10½	4 13 6	14.6
Stable "Equities":				
J. & P. Coats £1	67/-	49/9	4 0 6 on 10%	25.7
Imperial Tobacco £1 ..	9½	7 17/32	4 7 0 on 25% net	18.6
Tate & Lyle	96/9	84/-	4 7 0 on 18¼%	13.2

If the market steadies itself around the 3½ per cent. level for long-dated gilt-edged stocks, the yields of nearly 4 per cent. on first-class debentures and of 4½ per cent. to 4¾ per cent. on first-class preference shares should be regarded as attractive. As regards the equity shares, there may be some exchanging on the part of the private investor from gilt-edged stocks to Imperial Tobacco to secure nearly 1 per cent. higher gross yield, but personally I would prefer in this period of rising costs equity shares of companies which are producing raw materials or of manufacturers which own their raw material and sell their finished products to the consumer. The average British industrial share is still not cheap, even if more reasonably priced.

	High 1936.	Present Purchase Price.	Gross Yield %	Estimated Dividend.
Assoc. Portland Cement £1	5 17/32	5 1/32	£4 9 6	22½%
Imperial Chemical Industries £1	44/3	38/6	4 8 3	8½%
Shell Transpt. & Trading £1	6 5/16	6 13/16 cum bonus	4 10 9	20% net
Turner & Newall	113/9	104/6	3 16 6	20%

Some of these shares—such as Shell and Turner and Newall—have special prospects of capital appreciation, but if the raising of the long-term rate of interest is to become a serious Government policy for "braking" the boom, then the index of industrial ordinary share prices may have passed its peak.

* * *

My Statistical Assistant writes: So many exciting things have happened in the past week or two that little attention has been paid to the home railway figures for 1936. The results on the whole are quite good. In these columns we have not discussed the probable earnings on the junior stocks for over six months, so that we cannot claim with other financial prophets to have forecast accurately the 1936 earnings two or three minutes before they were announced. Great Western has fully earned its ordinary dividend of 3 per cent., L.M. and S. is paying 1¼ per cent. on its ordinary stock, L. and N.E. is paying ½ per cent. on its second preference, and Southern ½ per cent. on its deferred stock. The Great Western results were surprisingly good, and are due to the fact that maintenance charges were actually lower in 1936 by some £27,000, whereas the maintenance figures were up by £538,000

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for L.M. and S. and £118,000 for Southern. So much for the past. For the future I am not optimistic of the junior stocks. Great Western, traditionally the best maintained of the four railways, will gain from rehabilitation of South Wales, and L.M. and S., which has shown that it can still make economies in working, will benefit from better business in Lancashire. For the other lines the prospects for increased gross revenues in 1937 are reasonably bright. Unfortunately railway traffics do not increase as fast as general business. The *Economist* index of business activity rose by 6 per cent. in 1936, while railway traffics rose 4 per cent.—and this comparison is much more favourable to the railways than in previous years. I am inclined to prophesy that in 1937 the index will win easily, while expenses may rise as fast as the gross receipts. In 1937 wages will cost more, coal will cost more, replacements will cost more, and I cannot escape the conclusion that all the junior stocks are fully valued at present prices. As to the prior charges, these are mainly interest stocks, and in my opinion the fall in comparison with British Government securities has been overdone. The following are the yields :—

	Price.	Yield %		Price.	Yield %
Great Western :			L.N.E. :		
4% Debs. ..	104½	3.83	4% Debs. ..	99½	4.02
5% Guar. ..	120	4.17	4% 1st Guar...	93½	4.28
5% Pref. ..	115	4.35	4% 2nd Guar...	88½	4.52
Ord. ..	58	5.17	4% 1st Pref. ..	73½	5.44
L.M.S. :			4% 2nd Pref...	23½	2.12
4% Debs. ..	101	3.96	Southern :		
4% Guar. ..	97	4.12	4% Debs. ..	103½	3.86
4% Pref. ..	82	4.88	5% Guar. Pref.	120	4.17
4% Pref. (1923)	73½	5.44	5% Pref. ..	111	4.50
Ord. ..	28½	4.43	5% Pref. Ord.	91½	5.46
			Def. ..	22½	2.22

I still cannot understand why Great Western and Southern debenture stocks are better than L.M. and S. and L. and N.E. debentures. Is it simply convention or prejudice ? At the other end of the table I would sell L.M. and S. ordinary, L. and N.E. second preference and Southern deferred.

Toreador : I do not object to L.M. and S. debentures on a 4 per cent. yield basis, and trustees should watch Southern debentures for a bargain.

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Company Meeting

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

MR. J. M. KEYNES' ADDRESS

THE Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on February 24th in the Society's House in London, Mr. J. M. Keynes, chairman, presiding, said (in part) :

Our new business during the past year, with gross and net totals of £1,327,200 and £1,011,200 respectively, constitutes a record in the Society's history, whilst the Life business proper—namely, £903,227 net—is only a little less than our previous best. The total sum paid in claims by death and maturity—namely, £350,000—is rather less than in 1935. As a result of the annual valuation of the assets we are again able to report a substantial appreciation, amounting to £365,793, on our Stock Exchange securities, or 6.2 per cent. of their mean value.

For some time past your Board has been aiming at effecting a reduction in what were our rather unduly large holdings of British Government Securities. We have not found this easy, but by increasing our investment in non-Stock Exchange assets, including Mortgages, Reversionary Securities and Real Estate, we have been able to arrest for the time being the decline in the net rate of interest on our funds.

Reckoned on the same basis of valuation as at the end of the previous biennium, our gross surplus comes out at £1,114,063. Of this sum the amount due to realised profits and profits from appreciation in the value of our capital assets in the two years is £513,646. It may prove, however, that the end of 1936 was a particularly favourable moment for the valuation of Securities, and we have decided that virtually the whole of the above sum should be utilised to strengthen our reserves in various ways. This has been done by reducing the rate of interest assumed from 3¾ per cent. to 3½ per cent., increasing the provision for expenses, and adding to the reserve fund. Thus we enter upon the new valuation period with total reserves £1,222,600 in excess of the actuarial reserves equal to 18.5 per cent. thereof. The balance available, after making these special allocations, amounts to £661,693, out of which we are declaring bonuses as shown in the Actuary's report, of 52*s.* 6*d.* per cent. and 45*s.* per cent. compound per annum respectively for whole life assurances and endowment assurances with full profits, and 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum compound for low premium policies with reduced profits.

I said a moment ago that the end of 1936 might prove to have been a specially favourable date for the valuation of our assets. For, on the one hand, industrial securities had probably felt by then the major effects of industrial recovery; whilst, at the same time, gilt-edged securities were still retaining the major part of their large gains. The subsequent disclosure of the Government's rearmament programme certainly seems to postpone for some time the prospect of an industrial recession. But the effect on the gilt-edged market has been severe; and an Assurance Society is, of course, much more largely interested in fixed-interest securities than in equities.

I feel no doubt that the sums which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to borrow are well within our capacity, particularly if as much of the expenditure as possible is directed to bringing into employment the unused resources of the Special areas. It lies within his power to get his money without producing conditions of inflation, but what will he have to pay for it ? If the Chancellor borrows dear, markets will respond accordingly. It is, however, much easier to borrow on a rising than on a falling market. The calls to be made on the gilt-edged market are a reason for encouraging the supporters of that market. And this, with their past experience to guide them, is what I should expect the Treasury to do.

In considering the terms on which new loans can be issued, it is interesting to compare the techniques of the British and the American Treasuries. In our own case by far the greater part of the debt (apart from Treasury Bills) has no fixed date of repayment within the next 25 years. Moreover, nearly half of the securities of intermediate date stand above par. In the United States, on the other hand, practically the whole of the debt is repayable within 25 years; indeed, there is nothing beyond 30 years. And within the next 25 years there are Notes or Bonds falling due for repayment in about every year. Thus every taste is suited. The rates do not greatly differ from the net redemption yields on British Government securities for comparable periods; but the arrangement of the maturities allows the American Treasury to borrow at a materially lower average rate. It is expensive for the Treasury to keep the long-dated market in relative over-supply.

In any case it is a popular error to suppose that the rate of interest to-day is exceptionally low. During the half-century preceding the war the average yield on Consols was approximately 3 per cent. To-day the yield on War Loan is almost 3½ per cent. Even with the Treasury's requirements what we now know them to be, I see no justification in the years to come for a long-term rate of interest higher than 3 per cent.; and, indeed, it should be lower.

Nevertheless, the Board must keep themselves prepared for disappointment and we have, therefore, preferred to assume that the end of 1936 was a particularly favourable date for our valuation.

The chairman then spoke of the loss of Mr. Charles Burchell. The report and accounts were adopted unanimously.

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COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Ballet Rambert. Thurs., Sat.
GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.
GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' Th. & Sat.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. March 6.
PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.
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ISLE OF WIGHT. Vegetarian Guest House in beautiful situation. All principal rooms face South. Progressive atmosphere. MRS. WYNNE, Deepdene, Shanklin. Tel. 254.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, c. h. w., efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone 52. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

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ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Ready Feb. 20th; newly furnished rooms from 16s. 6d. weekly. Comfort, freshness, simplicity. 15 Abercorn Place. Ring MAI 5052 or 2327.

AD LIB. grub and tub, both hot, from 35 bob, at 56 Belsize Park, N.W.3. PRI 3934.

OWING to an error, the address in the above advertisement was incorrectly printed in last week's issue. Will readers please note that this should read 56 Belsize Park.

OXFORD. Paying guests received in vacations. Comfortable bed-sitting-rooms. Central. Good cooking. From £2 15s. Box 603, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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FLAT, s.c., 3 rooms, kitchen, bath; modern decorations; quiet private house; £78 p.a. 33 Parliament Hill. (Hampstead 4024.)

2 UNFURNISHED rooms to let. Large, sunny. Use of bathroom, garden. Share of excellent maid. Near 24 bus and Belsize Park Tube. Tel.: Prim. 6130, before 10.30 a.m.

SERVICE FLAT required by English lady from abroad early April for one or two months; 2 bedrooms, bathroom, hot water, linen. Within 15 miles Charing Cross. State garage accommodation. Bankers' reference. Write "D. W. K.," c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, E.C.4.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Large, pleasant garden flatlet, well furnished; kitchenette; 23s. 6d. weekly. 30 Alnew Square, N.W.8. 'Phone: MAI 5052.

ENTIRE contents of exceptionally attract. and well-furn. flat—£125 or nr. offer. Owners leav. Lond. 3 rms., bath, c.h.w., tel., very low rent, quiet, exclusv. house, W.2. Box 602, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ESSEX-SUFFOLK Borders. To let, any period. 2 bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen; two miles Bures. Elsan sanitation, water pure; charming quiet position. Weekly, 15s. Might let cheaper partially furnished. Kensington 1022, or write GANTZ, 35 Hasker St., S.W.3.

WANTED. Bright, unfurnished ground floor room, h. and c. basin; Kensington. To be used as electrical treatment room; door and 'phone service. Doctor or dentist's house preferred. Box 601, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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PERSONAL

CRUISE to GREECE and the AEGEAN ISLANDS. ATHENS, Delphi, CRETE, Samos, COS, Rhodes, CYPRUS and PAESTUM. S.S. *Cairo City*, 9,600 tons, April 3rd–26th, from 27 *gns.* incl. London return. Few vacancies left. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

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GREECE, classical Tour, CORFU, PELOPONNESUS, CRETE; visiting 30 interesting places, incl. London return; 39 *gns.* April 3rd–21st. ATHENS EXPRESS LONDON, 24 Ryder St., S.W.1. WHI 8778/9.

WRITER of economic and social survey would welcome assistance of intelligent statistician. Box 604, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GRADUATE (married) desires resident pupil for Easter Holidays. Experienced backward children. Chambers, East Hoathley, Sussex.

W.1. BRIDGE CIRCLE, 1*d.* stakes. Thurs., Sats., practice class Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

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NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6, Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

IF you are camera-shy come to ANTHONY PANTING for an informal, comfortable sitting. Studio at 5 Paddington Street. WEL forty-nine fifty.

NUDIST CLUB, indoor, central London, both sexes, est. 6 years, usual social amenities. U-V light, baths, games, exercises. Write, enclosing stamp, Box 416, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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